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LETTERS
FROM THE
DEAD to the LIVING,

By { *Mr.* THO. BROWN, *Capt.* AYLOFF, Mr. *Hen.* BARKER, *&c.*

K.

VIZ. FROM

Jo. Haines of Merry Memory, to his Friends at *Wills*.
Perkin Warbeck, to the pretended Prince of *Wales*.
Abraham Cowley, to the *Covent-Garden* Society.
Charon, to the Illustrious and High-born *Jack Ketch*.
James the 2d, to *Lewis* the 14th.
Julian late Secretary to the Muses, to *Will. Poitre* of *Lincoln's-Inn* Play-house.
Scarron to *Lewis Le Grand*.
Hannibal to the Victorious Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*.
Pindar of *Thebes*, to *Tom. D.* ——
Catharine of *Medicis*, to the Dutchess of *Orleans*.
Queen *Mary* to the Pope.
Harlequin, to Father *Le Chaise*.
The Duke of *Alva*, to the Clergy of *France*.
Philip of *Austria*, to the *Dauphin*.
Juvenal, to *Boileau*.
Diana of *Poitiers*, to Madam *Maintenon*.
Hugh Spencer the younger, to all the Favourites and Ministers whom it may concern ——
Julia, to the Princess of *Conti*.
Christina Queen of *Sweden*, to the Women.
Rabelais, to the Physicians.
The *Mitred Hog*; a Dialogue between *Furetiere* and *Scarron*.
Beau *Norton*, to his Brothers at *Hippolito's*.
Sir *Bartholomew* ——, to Serjeant S ——.
And several others with their Answers.

Infanti Mellimels dato, fatuisq; marifcos,
Sed mihi, quæ novit pungere, Chia Sapit.
Mart.

London, Printed in the Year, 1702.

THE PREFACE.

IT is some years since the famous Monsieur *Fontenelle*, in imitation of *Lucian*, publish'd his *Dialogues des Morts*; which Work his Country-men cry up for one of the finest pieces of Wit, that any Age or Nation has produced; tho' with all due submission to Monsieur *Fontenelle*, be it said, I look upon him to be as much inferior to the *Grecian Dialoguist*, both in the poignancy of his Satyr, and force of his Expression, as the

Language of *Paris* is to that of *Athens*.

But to ſay no more upon this point, theſe *Dialogues of the Dead*, ſeem to have given our Author his firſt hint of Writing Letters from the *Dead* to the *Living*. I cou'd never yet inform my ſelf who it was that writ theſe Letters, which firſt ſaw the light in *Holland*, and perhaps 'tis not material to know; but this is certain, that he muſt be a *Refugee*, that was turn'd out of *France* upon the ſcore of his Religion, as any body may ſee, that will be at the trouble of Reading his firſt Letter from *Antiochus* the Great, to *Lewis* the 14th.

Some

Some People perhaps will be offended at his familiar Treatment of his own Natural Sovereign, and Object that ſuch Language is by no means becoming a Subject towards his Prince, let his provocations be never ſo violent: For my part, I will not enter into the Merits of the Controverſie; but whatever obligations a *Frenchman* may lie under to *Lewis* the Great, I am ſure we *Engliſhmen*, as well as the reſt of *Europe*, may juſtly be allow'd to lay aſide all Ceremonies of Decency and Reſpect to a haughty inſolent Tyrant, who has diſturbed the tranquillity of Chriſtendom above Fourty years, and whoſe late unparallell'd Violation of the

Treaty of *Ryswic*, all Orders of Men among us have resented with that Indignation as becomes them.

But if our Author seems any where to have drawn his Satyr undeservedly, I must needs say, 'tis against *Monsieur Boileau*, who as he is the most Learned and Judicious Poet that *France* can boast of, so he does not Merit, in my opinion, so severe an Invective for a little trifling Panegyrick upon *Madam de Maintenon*. It may be alledged in our Author's favour, that the *Hugonots* always considered that Lady as the chief occasion of their Oppressions and Sufferings, and consequently cannot forgive a Man that has bestow'd any Commenda-

tions

tions upon her. Be it so as they pretend, yet since the Nobility and Clergy of *France*, have pay'd such servile adorations to this Female Upstart, what wonder is it that *Boileau*, a Poet of fortune, has mix'd with the throng of her Admirers?

As for the Translation of these Letters, it was perform'd by my worthy and ingenious Friend Capt. *Barker*, who was pleased to submit the Correction of it to me, tho' he might very well have spared the Complement, since he is a much greater Master of *French* than my self, and to do him justice, has carried his Translation up to all the force and spirit of the Original. He it was that first gave me a sight

of these Letters, tho' several of my Friends in Town know, that long before I saw them, I had fallen upon the same design my self, and intended to have executed it, as soon as some other Affairs, wherein I am concern'd at present, wou'd give me leave. The few Verses indeed that are intermingled with the Prose, are of my Composing; and tho' I must confess they are none o the best, yet I may without vanity affirm they are not inferior to the *French*.

As these original Letters were not enough to make a just Volume of themselves, I was easily perswaded, at the instance of some Friends, to usher them in with a few of my

own,

own, which I accordingly did, and at my vacant hours scribled some four or five Sheets, which I hope will not be unacceptable at this present juncture. Two worthy Gentlemen of my acquaintance, one of whose names the Reader will find before his performances, tho' the other wou'd not let his be known, were pleas'd to contribute something out of their own store towards this Collection. Whether we have fallen short of the *French* Author, that we entirely leave to the Reader's better Judgment: However, if this imperfect Essay finds a kind reception in the World, perhaps it may give me encouragement to publish a set of Letters hereafter from the *Dead* to the *Living*, all of *English* Composition.

One

One Letter, I am afraid, will give Offence; wherein, there is something unhandsomly Reflecting on King *Charles* the First, and which had never passed the Press had I had the the Inspection of it: But before I conclude, it may not be amiss to acquaint the Reader, that I have a Collection of Letters, all by my own hand, now under the Press, part whereof are Translated from the best Masters, both Ancient and Modern, and the rest Originals of my own, address'd to several Gentlemen of my acquaintance, and tho' they have met with some unexpected Interruptions, will be certainly published within a Fortnight at fartheſt.

T. Brown.

THE

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Mr.

Harle-

The

The

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THE

LETTERS
FROM THE
Dead to the Living.

By Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

A Letter of News from Mr. Joseph Haines *of Merry Memory, to his Friends at* Will's *Coffee-House in* Covent-Garden.

Gentlemen,

I Had done my self the Honour to write to you long ago, but wanted a convenience of sending my Letters; for you must not imagine 'tis as easie a matter for us on this side the River *Styx*, to maintain a correspondence with you in the Upper World, as 'tis to send a Packet from *London* to *Rotterdam*, or from *Paris* to *Madrid*: But upon the News of a

freſh War ready to break out in your part of the World (which, by the bye, makes us keep Holy-day here in Hell) *Pluto* having thought fit to diſpatch an extraordinary Meſſenger to ſee how your Parliament, upon whoſe Reſolutions the Fate of *Europe* ſeems wholly to depend, will behave themſelves in this critical Conjuncture, I tip'd the Fellow a George to carry this Letter for me, and leave it with the Maſter at *Will*'s, in his way to *Weſtminſter*.

I am not inſenſible, *Gentlemen*, that *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Dante*, Don *Quevedo*, and many more before me, have given an account of theſe Subterranean Dominions, for which reaſon it may look like Affectation or Vanity in me to meddle with a Subject ſo often handled; but if new Travels into *Italy*, *Spain* and *Germany*, are daily read with approbation, becauſe new matters of enquiry and obſervation perpetually ariſe, I don't ſee why the preſent ſtate of the *Plutonian* Kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great Changes and Alterations in theſe Infernal Regions, as in any other part of the Univerſe whatever.

When I ſhook hands with your upper Hemiſphere, I ſtumbled into a dark, uncouth,

couth, dismal Lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the Mountains, called the *Grotto* of *Pazzoli* in the way to *Naples*. I was in so great a Consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a world of riches on both sides of the wall, adorned and furnished with *Harpies*, *Gorgons*, *Centaurs*, *Chimeras*, and such like pretty Curiosities, which could not but give a Man a world of Titillation as he travell'd on the Road. The Threeheaded *Geryon* put me in mind of the Master of the *Temple*'s Three Intellectual Minds: and when I saw *Briareus* with his Hundred Arms and Heads, out of my Zeal to King *William* and his Government, I could not but wish that we had had so well qualified a Person for Secretary of State ever since the Revolution; for having so many Heads and Hands to employ, he might easily have manag'd all Affairs Domestick and Foreign, and been both Dictator and Clerk to himself: Which, besides the advantage of keeping secret all Orders and Instructions, (and that you know, *Gentlemen*, is of no small importance in Politicks) would

have ſaved his Majeſty no inconſiderable Sum in his Civil Liſt.

Being arrived at the end of this doleful and execrable Lane, I came into a large open, barren Plain, through which ran a River, whoſe Water was as black as my Hat: coming to the banks of this wonderful River, an old ill-look'd wrinkl'd Fellow, in a tatter'd Boat, which did not ſeem to be worth a Groat, making towards the Shoar, beckon'd and held out his right hand to me. Knowing nothing of his Buſineſs or Character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing ſo, but upon ſecond Thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his Fortune told, *You muſt underſtand*, old Gentleman, ſays I to him, *that there are three principal Lines in a man's hand, the firſt of which is called by the learned* Ludovicus Vives *Secretary to* Tamberlain *the Magnificent, the* Linea Biotica, *or, Line of Life; the ſecond, The* Linea Hepatica, *or, Liver-line; the third and laſt, The* Linea Intercalaris, *ſo called by* Sebaſtian Munſter *and* Erra Pater, *becauſe it croſſes the two aforeſaid Lines in an Equicrural Parabola.* Hold your impertinent ſtuff, ſays the old Ferry-man, *Erra* me no *Erra Paters*, but ſpeak to the point, and give me my

Fare,

Fare, if you design to come over. By this I perceiv'd my mistake, and knew him to be *Charon:* so I dived into my Pockets, but alas, I found all the Birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, *Gentlemen*, was no small Mortification to me. Get you gone for a Rascally scoundrel as you are, says *Charon*, some Son of a Whore of a Fidler, or Player I warrant ye, go and take up your quarters with those Pennyless Rogues that are Sunning themselves on yonder hillock. To see now, how a Man may be mistaken by a fair outside! when I came up to 'em I found them a parcel of jolly well-look'd Fellows, who, one would have thought, were wealthy enough to have fined for Sheriffs: I counted, let me see, Six Princes of the Empire that were younger Brothers, Ten *French* Counts, Fourteen Knights of *Malta*, Twelve *Welsh* Gentlemen, Sixteen *Scotch* Lairds, with abundance of Chymists, Projectors, Ensurers, Noblemens Creditors, and the like; that were all Wind-bound for want of the *ready Rhino*. Two days we continu'd in this doleful condition; and as Dr. *Sherlock* says of himself, in relation to the 13*th*. Chapter of the *Romans*, *here I stuck, and had stuck*

till the last Conflagration, if it had not been for Bishop Overal's *Convocation-Book:* e'en so here we might have tarry'd world without end, if an honest Teller of the *Exchequer*, and a Clerk of the *Pay Office*, had not come to our relief; who understanding our Case, cry'd out, *Come along, Gentlemen, we have Money enough to defray twenty such trifles as this, God be praised, we had the good luck to dye before the Parliament look'd into our Accounts.* With that they gave *Charon* a bread Piece each of 'em, so our whole Caravan consisting of about seventy Persons in all, that had not a Farthing in the World to bless themselves, ferry'd over to the other side of the River.

As we were crossing the Stream, *Charon* told us, how an *Irish* Captain would have trick'd him. He came strutting down to the River side, says he, as fine as a Prince, in a long Scarlet Cloak, all bedaub'd with Silver Lace, but had not a Penny about him. *Dear joy*, cryes he to me, *I came away in a little haste from the other world, and left my Breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreest and St.* Patrick, *for I'll refresh thy ancient Nostrils with some of* Hippolito's *best Stuff, which cost me a week ago a Crown an ounce.* I told

told the *Hibernian*, that old Birds were not to be taken with Chaff, nor *Charon* to be banter'd out of his due with a little dust of Sot-weed; and giving him a reprimand with my Stretcher over the Noddle, bid him go like a Coxcomb as he was about his business. The wretch lanter'd about the banks for a Month, but at last, pretending to be a *French* man, got over *gratis* this Summer among the Duke of *Orleans*'s Retinue. But what was the most surprising piece of News I ever heard, *Charon* assured us upon his Veracity, that the late King of *Spain* was forc'd to lie by a full Fortnight for want of Money to carry him over, for Cardinal *Portocarrero* had been so busie in forging his Will, that he forgot to leave the poor Monarch a Farthing in his Pocket, and that at last one of his own Grandees, coming by that way, was so complaisant as to defray his Prince's passage; and well he might, says our surly Ferry-man, for in five Years time he had cheated him of Two Millions.

We were no sooner landed on the other side of the River, but some of us sl'd off to the right, and others to the left, as their business called them: For my part I made the best of my way to the famous City

Brandipolis, seated upon the River *Phlegethon*, as being a place of the greatest Commerce and Resort, in all King *Pluto*'s Dominions. Who should I meet upon the Road but my old Friend and Acquaintance Mr. *Nokes* the Comedian, who received me with all imaginable Love and Affection? Mr. *Haines*, says he, *I am glad with all my heart to see you in Hell*; upon my Salvation we have expected you here this great while, and I question not but our Royal Master will give you a reception befitting a Person of your extraordinary Merit. Mr. *Nokes*, said I, *Your most obedient Servant*, you are pleas'd to Compliment, but I know no other Merit I have, but that of being honour'd with your Friendship. *But my dear* Jo. crys he, How go affairs in *Covent Garden*, does Cuckoldom flourish, and Fornication maintain its ground still against the Reformers; and the Playhouse in *Drury Lane*, is it as much frequented as it us'd to be? I had no sooner given him a satisfactory answer to these questions, but we found our selves in the Suburbs; so my Friend *Nokes*, with that Gaiety and openness, which became him so well at the Play-house; *To*, says he, I'll give thee thy welcome to Hell; with that he

he carry'd me to a little blind Coffee-house in the middle of a dirty Ally, but certainly one of the worst furnish'd Tenements I ever beheld. There was nothing to be seen but a few broken Pipes, two or three founder'd Chairs, and bare naked Walls, with not so much as a superannuated Almanack, or tatter'd Ballad to keep 'em in countenance; so that I could not but fancy my self in some of Love's little Tabernacles about *Wild-street* or *Drury-Lane*. Come Mr. *Haines* and what are you disposed to drink? what you please, Sir. Here, Madam, give the Gentleman a glass of *Geneva*. As soon as I had whipt it down, my Friend *Nokes* plucking me by the Sleeve, and whispering me in the Ear, Prithee *Jo*, who dost think that Lady at the Bar is? I consider'd her very attentively, by the same token she was three times as ugly as my Lady *Fright-all*, Countess of---- and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. *Pix* the Poetress, and very fairly told him, I knew her not. Why then I shall surprise you, This is the famous *Semiramis*. The Devil she is! answer'd I: What is this the celebrated and renowned Queen of *Babylon*, she that built those stupendous Walls and pensile Gardens, of which

which ancient Historians tell us so many Miracles; that Victorious *Heroine*, who eclipsed the Triumphs of her Illustrious Husband, that added *Æthiopia* to her Empire; and was the wonder as well as the ornament of her Sex? is it possible she should fall so low as to be forced to sell *Geneva*, and such ungodly Liquors for a Subsistence? 'Tis e'en so, says Mr. *Nokes*, and this may serve as a Lesson of Instruction to you, that when once Death has laid his icy Paws upon us, all other distinctions of Fortune and Quality immediately vanish. These words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but in came a formal old Gentleman, and plucking a large wooden Box from under his Cloak, *Will you have any fine Snuff*, Gentlemen, *here is the finest Snuff in the Universe*, Gentlemen; *a never-failing Remedy*, Gentlemen, *against the Megrims and Head-ach*. And, who do you take this worthy Person to be, says Mr. *Nokes*. But that I am in this lower World, cry'd I, I durst swear 'tis the very individual Quaker that sells his Herb-Snuff at the *Rainbow* Coffee-House. Damnably mistaken says Mr. *Nokes*, before *George* no less a Man than the Great *Cyrus*, the first Founder of the *Persian* Monarchy.

I was

was going to bless my self at this discovery, when a Jolly Red-nos'd Woman in a Straw Hat pop'd into the Room, and in a shrill Treble cry'd out, *Any Buckles, Combs or Scissers*, Gentlemen, *any Tooth-picks, Bottle-screws or Tweezers, Silver Buttons or Tobacco-stoppers*, Gentlemen. Well now, my worthy Friend Mr. *Haines*, who do you think this may be? The Lord knows, resolv'd I, for here are such unaccountable choppings and changings among you that the Devil can't tell what to make of 'em. Why then in short, This is the Virtuous *Thalestris* Queen of the *Amazons*, the same numerical Princess, that beat the hoof so many hundred Leagues to get *Alexander* the Great to administer his Royal Nipple to her. But *So*, since I find thee so affected at these alterations that have happned to Persons who lived so many hundred years ago, I am resolv'd to shew thee some of a more modern date, and particularly of such as either thou wast acquainted with in the other World, or at least hast often heard mention'd in Company. So calling for the other Glass of *Geneva*, he left a Tester at the Bar, and *Semiramis*, to shew her Courtly breeding drop'd us abundance of Curt'sies, and paid us as much respect

reſpect at our going out, as your Two Penny *French* Barbers in *Soho* do to a Gentleman, that gives them a brace of odd half pence above the original Contract in their Sign.

We walkt through half a dozen Streets without meeting any thing worthy of obſervation. At laſt my Friend *Nokes*, pointing to a little Edifice, which exactly reſembled Dr. *Burgeſs*'s Conventicle in *Ruſſel-Court*; ſays he, your old acquaintance *Tony Lee*, who turn'd Presbyterian Parſon upon his coming into theſe quarters, holds forth moſt notably here every Sunday: *Jacob Hall* and *Jevon* are his Clerks, and chant it admirably, Mother *Stratford*, the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, my Lord *Warwick* and Sir *Fleetwood* are his conſtant hearers; and to *Tony*'s everlaſting Honour be it ſpoken, he delivers his Fire and Brimſtone with ſo good a Grace, ſplits his Text ſo Judiciouſly, turns up the Whites of his Eyes ſo Theologically, cuffs his Cuſhion ſo Orthodoxly, and twirls his Band-ſtrings ſo Primitively, that *Pluto* has lately made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. From this we croſſed another Street, which one may properly enough call the *Bow-ſtreet* or *Pall-Mall* of *Brandipolis*. No ſawcy Tradeſ-

man

man or Mechanick dares presume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering Sparks, and fine airy Ladies, who in no respect are inferiour to yours in *Covent-Garden*. When the Sky is Serene, and not a breath of Wind stirring, you may see whole Covies of them displaying their finery in the Street; but at other times you never see 'em out of a Chair, for fear of discomposing their Commodes or Periwigs. We had not gone twenty Paces, before we met three flaming Beaux of the first Magnitude, the like of whom were never seen at the *Vourhoot* at the *Hague*, the *Tuilleries* at *Paris*, or the *Mall* in St. *James's* Park. They were all three in Black (for you must know we are in deep mourning here for the death of my Lady *Proserpine's* favourite Monkey) but he in the middle, though he had neither Face nor Shape to qualifie him for a Gallant; for he had a Phiz as forbidding as Beau *Wh---ker*, and was as thick about the waste as the fat squab Porter at the *Griffin* Tavern in *Fuller's* Rents; yet he made a most Magnificent Figure. His Periwig was large enough to have loaded a Camel, and he had bestowed upon it at least a Bushel of Powder, I warrant you.

His

His Sword-knot dangled upon the ground, and his *Steenkirk* that was most agreeably discolour'd with Snuff from top to bottom, reach'd down to his Waste: he carried his Hat under his left Arm, walkt with both his Hands in the wast-band of his Breeches, and his Cane, that hung negligently down in a string from his right Arm, trail'd most harmoniously against the Pebbles; while the Master of it, tripping it nicely upon his Toes, was humming to himself,

Oh! ye happy happy Groves
Witness of our tender Loves.

Having given you this description of him, I need not trouble my self to enlarge upon the dress of his Two Companions, who, tho' they fell much short of this inimitable Original in point of Garniture and Dress, yet they were singular enough to have drawn the Eyes of Men, Women and Children after 'em in any part of *Europe*. As I observed this sight with a great deal of admiration, Mr. *Nokes* very gravely asked me, who I took the middlemost Person to be: upon my telling him I had never seen him before, nor knew a syllable of him or his private History; why, says

Mr.

Mr. *Nokes*, this is *Diogenes* the famous Cynick Philosopher, and his Two Companions are *George Fox* and *James Naylor* the Quakers. *Diogenes!* replyed I to him, why he was one of the arrantest Slovens in all *Greece*, and a profest Enemy to Landresses, for he never parted with his Shirt till his Shirt parted with him. No matter for that, says Mr. *Nokes*, the case is alter'd now with him, for he has the vanity and affectation of twenty Sir *Courtly Nice's* blended together; he constantly dispatches a Courier to *Lisbon* every Month, to bring him a Cargo of Limons to wash his hands with, he sends to *Montpellier* for *Hungary* water, *Turin* furnishes him with *Rosa Solis*, *Nismes* with *Eau de Canelle*, and *Paris* with *Ratisia* to settle his Maw in the Morning. Nothing will go down with him but *Ortolans*, *Snipes* and *Woodcocks*; and *Matson*, that some years ago lived at the *Rummer* in *Queenstreet*, is the administrator of his Kitchin. This, said I to him, is the most fantastick change I have seen since my passing the *Styx*: For who the Plague wou'd have believ'd that that ancient Quaker *Diogenes*, and these modern Cynicks *Fox* and *Naylor* should degenerate so much from their Primitive Institution,

as

as to ſet up for Fops? When we came up to 'em, *Diogenes* gave us a moſt gracious Bow, but thoſe two everlaſting Complimenters his Friends, I was afraid, wou'd have murder'd me with their Civilities, for which reaſon I diſingaged my ſelf from 'em ſomething abruptly, by the ſame token, I overheard *James Naylor* call me *Bougre*, *Inſulaire* and *Tramontane* for my ill manners.

When the Coaſt was clear of 'em, ſays I to Mr. *Nokes*, every thing is ſo turned topſie turvy here with you, that I can hardly reſolve my ſelf whether I walk upon my Head or my Feet: Right, Mr. *Haines*, ſays he, but time is precious, ſo lets mend our pace if you pleaſe, that we may ſee all the curioſities of this renowned City before 'tis dark.

The next Street we came into, we ſaw a tall thin-gutted Mortal driving a Wheelbarrow of Pears before him, and crying in a hoarſe Tone, *Pears twenty a Penny!* looking him earneſtly in the Face, I preſently knew him to be Beau *Heveningham*, but I found he was ſhy, and ſo took no further notice of him. Not ten doors from hence, ſays Mr. *Nokes*, lives poor *Norton* that ſhot himſelf. I askt him in what quality

quality, he anſwered me, as ſuboperator to a diſperſer of darkneſs, *Anglice*, a Journey-man to a Tallow-chandler. I would willingly have made him a ſhort viſit, but was intercepted in my deſign by a brace of Fellows that were link'd to their good behaviour like a pair of *Spaniſh* Gally-ſlaves; tho' they agreed as little as *Jowler* and *Ringwood* coupled together, for one of 'em lugg'd one way, and his Brother the other. I ſoon knew them to be *Dick Baldwin*, the Whig Bookſeller, and *Maſon* the Non-ſwearing Parſon, whom as I was afterwards inform'd, Judge *Minos*, had order'd to be yoak'd thus, to be a mutual Plague and Puniſhment to one another. Both of 'em made up to us as hard as they could drive: *Well Sir, ſays the Levite what comfortable News do you bring from St.* Germains? *our old Friend* Lewis le Grand *is well, I hope. Damn* Lewis le Grand *and all his adherents, crys* Dick Baldwin, *Pray Sir, what racy touches of Scandal have been publiſh'd of late*, by my worthy Friends *Sam. Johnſon*, Mr. *Touchin*, and honeſt Mr. *Atwood*; and the Gallows that has groan'd ſo long for *Robin Hog* the Meſſenger, when is it like to loſe its longing? have no freſh batteries attack'd the Court

lately from honeſt Mr. *Darby*'s in *Bartholomew Cloſe?* And prithee what new Piracies from the Quakers at the Pump in *Little Britain?* What new Whales, Devils, Ghoſts, Murders, from *Wilkins* in the *Fryars?* but above all, dear Sir, of what Kidney are the preſent Sheriffs, and particularly my Lord Mayor, how ſtands he affected? Why *Dick*, ſays I to him, fearing to be ſtun'd with more Interrogatories, tho' moſt of the folks I have ſeen here are chang'd either for the better or the worſe, yet I find thou art the True, Primitive, Buſie, Pragmatical, Prating, Muttering *Dick Baldwin* ſtill, and wilt be ſo to the end of the Chapter. In the name of the Three Furies what ſhould make thee trouble thy ſelf about Sheriffs and Lord Mayors? But thou art of the ſame foolifh belief, I find, with thy brother Coxcombs at *North*'s Coffee-houſe, who think all the Fate of *Chriſtendom* depends upon the choice of a Lord Mayor; whereas to talk of things familiarly, and as we ought to do; what is this two leg'd Animal ycleped a Lord Mayor, but a certain temporary Machine of the Cities ſetting up, who on certain appointed days is obliged to ride on Horſe back to pleaſe the

Cheap-

Cheapſide Wives, who muſt devour ſo many Tun of Plum-porridge, and ſcuffle his way through ſo many furlongs of Cuſtard, who is only terrible to delinquent Bakers, Oyſter women, and Scavengers; and has no other privilege above his Brethren, as I know of, but that of taking a comfortable Nap in his Gold Chain at *Paul's* or *Salters Hall*; to either of which places his Conſcience, that is, his Intereſt carries him. Surly *Dick* was going to ſay ſomething in defence of the City Magiſtrate, but my Brother *Nokes* and I prevented him, by calling to the next Hackney Coach-man, whom to my great ſurprize, I found to be the famous Dr. *Busby* of *Weſtminſter School*; who now inſtead of Flogging Boys was content to act in an humbler Sphere, and exerciſe his laſhing Talent upon Horſes. We ordered him to ſet us down at *Bedlam*, where my friend *Nokes* aſſured me we ſhould find Diverſion enough, and the firſt Perſon we met with in this celebrated Manſion, was the famous Queen *Dido* of *Carthage*, ſupported by the Ingenious Mrs. *Behn* on the one ſide, and the Learned *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden* on the other. *Gentlemen*, cry'd ſhe, *I conjure you, by that reſpect which is due to Truth,*

and by that complaisance which is owing to Us of the fair Sex, to believe none of those idle Lyes that Virgil *has told of me. That impudent Versifier has given out, that I murder'd my self for the sake of his pious* Trojan, *the Hero of his Romance; whereas I declare to you, Gentlemen, as I hope to be saved, that I never saw the Face of that fugitive Scoundrel in my life; but dyed in my bed with as much decency and resignation as any woman in the Parish: but what touches my Honour most of all, is that most horrid Calumny of my being all alone with Æneas in the Cave.* Upon this I humbly remonstrated to her Majesty, that altho' *Virgil* had taken the liberty to leave her and his pious *Trojan* in a Grotto together, yet he no where insinuated that any thing Criminal had passed between 'em. *How*, says Mrs. *Behn* in a fury, was it not scandal enough in all Conscience to say, That a Man and a Woman were in a dark blind Cavern by themselves? What tho' there was no such convenience as a Bed or a Couch in the Room; nay, not so much as a broken-back'd Chair; yet I desire you to tell me, sweet Mr. *Haines*, what other business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark together, but..... Ay, crys the Queen of *Sweden*, what other business can

a

a Man and a Woman have in the dark, but, as the fellow says in the *Moor* of *Venice*, to make the Beast with two Backs? not to pick straws, I hope, or to tell tales of a Tub. Under favour, Ladies, reply'd I, 'tis possible, I should think, for a grave sober Man and a Woman of Discretion, to pass a few hours alone without carrying matters so far home as you insinuate. What in the dark! crys Queen *Dido*, that's mine A--- in a Band-box. Let Peoples Inclinations be never so modest and virtuous, yet this cursed darkness puts the Devil and all of wickedness into their heads: The Man will be pushing on his side, that's certain; and as for the Woman, I'll swear for her, that when no body can see her blush, she will be consenting. In fine, tho' the Soul be never so well fortified to hold out a Seige, yet the Body, as soon as Love's Artillery begins to play upon it, will soon beat a Parley, and make a separate Treaty for it self.

Thus her *Punie* Majesty run on, and the Lord knows when her Royal Clack would have done striking, if a Female Messenger had not come to her in the nick of time, and whisper'd her in the Ear, to go to the famous *Lucretia's* crying out, who, it seems,

was got with child upon a Hay-cock by *Æsop* the Fabulist. As soon as Queen *Dido* and her two pratling Companions were gone out of the room, Mr. *Nokes*, says I, you have without question seen *Æsop* very often, therefore pray let me beg the favour of you to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill favour'd Wight as the Historians represent him; for you must know we have a modern Critic of *singular humanity* near St. *James*'s, that has been pleased in some late Dissertations upon *Phalaris*'s Epistles, to maintain that he was a well-shap'd handsome Gentleman; and for a proof of this, insists much upon *Æsop*'s intriguing with his fellow-slave, the beautiful *Rhodope*. No, no, replies Mr. *Nokes*, *Æsop* is just such a crumpled hump-shoulder'd Dog for all the world, as you see him before *Ogilby*'s Translation of his Fables; and let the abovementioned Grammarian, I think they call him Dr. *Bentivolio*, say what he will to the contrary, 'tis even so as I tell you. And now we are upon the Chapter of Dr. *Bentivolio*, about a month ago I happen'd to make merry over a Bowl of Punch with *Phalaris* the *Sicilian* Tyrant, who swore by all that was good and sacred, that he would trounce the unmannerly

Slave

Slave for robbing him of those Epistles, which had gone unquestion'd under his name for so many Ages: but the time is coming, said he, when I shall make this impudent Pedant cry *peccavi* for the unworthy Treatment he has given me: I have my Brazen Bull, Heaven be prais'd, ready for him, and as soon as he comes in to these quarters, will shut him up in it, and roast him with his own dull Volumes, and those of his dearly beloved Friends the *Dutch* Commentators.

By this time we were got to the upper end of the room, when says Mr. *Nokes* to me, I will shew you a most surprising sight. You must know this place, like *Noah*'s Ark, contains Beast's of all sorts and sizes. Some have their Brains turn'd by Politicks, who except some three or four that are suffer'd to go abroad with a Keeper, are lock'd up in a large Apartment up stairs. These Puppies rave eternally about Liberty and Property, and the *Jura Populi*, and are so damn'd mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. *England* sends more of this sort to Bedlam than all the Countries of *Europe* besides. Others again have their Intellects Fly-blown by Love, by the same token that most of the poor wretches

that are in this doleful Predicament come out of *France, Spain, Italy* and ſuch hot Climates. Now and then indeed, we have a ſilly Apprentice or ſo, takes a leap from *London-bridge* into the *Thames*, or decently hangs himſelf in a Garret in his Miſtreſſes Garters, but theſe Accidents happen but ſeldom, and beſides, ſince Fornication has made ſo great a progreſs among us, love is obſerved not to operate ſo powerfully in *England* as he formerly did, when there was no relief againſt him but Matrimony. Some again have their *Pia Mater* addled by Religion, but neither are the Sots of this Species ſo numerous in *Britain* or elſewhere, as they were in the days of yore; for the Prieſts of moſt Religions have play'd their game ſo aukwardly, that not one Man in a Thouſand will truſt them with ſhuffling of the Cards.

But of all the various ſorts of Mad-men that come hither, the Rhimers or Verſifiers far exceed the reſt in number: Moſt of theſe fellows in the other world were Mayors, or Aldermen, or Deputies of Wards, that knew nothing but the riſing and falling of Stock, ſqueezing young Heirs, and cheating their Cuſtomers: But now the Tables are turn'd, for they eat and

drink

rink, nay, ſleep and dream in Rhime, nd have a Diſtick to diſcharge at you pon every occaſion. With that he open'd he Wicket of the uppermoſt Door, and id me peep in. 'Tis impoſſible to deſcribe o you the ſurprize I was in, to ſee ſo many of my City acquaintance there, whom ſhould ſooner have ſuſpected of Burglary r Sacrilege than of tacking a pair of himes together: But it ſeems this is a udgment upon theſe wretches, for the aver-on they ſhew to the Muſes when they re Living. The walls were lined with erſes from top to bottom, and happy as the wretch that could get a bit of harcoal to expreſs the happineſs of his ancy upon the poor Plaſter. The firſt Man ſaw was Sir *John Peak*, formerly Lord layor of *London*, who bluntly came up the door and asked me what was hime to Crambo; immediately Sir *Tho-as Pilkington* popt over his Shoulder, nd pray friend, ſays he, for I perceive ou are newly come from the other world, ow go the affairs of *Parnaſſus*? What w Madrigals, Epithalamiums, Sonnets, pigrams and Satyrs have you brought ith you? What pretty conceits had Mr. *ettle* in his laſt *London* Triumphs? what

Plays

Plays have taken of late? Mrs. *Bracegirdle* does she live still unmarried, and pray, Sir, how doe Mr. *Batterton's* Lungs hold out? but now I think on't, I have a delicious Copy of Verses to shew you, upon the divine *Melesinda's* frying of Pancakes, only stay a minute while I step yonder to fetch 'em: He had no sooner turn'd his back but I plucked to the wicket and gave him the slip; for certainly of all the Plagues in Hell, or t'other side of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded Repeater. Leaving these Versifying Insects to themselves, we walked up a pair of Stairs into the upper Room, one end of which was the quarter for distracted Lovers, as the other was for the Lunatick Republicans. I just cast my eyes into *Cupid's Bear-Garden*, and observed that the walls were all adorned with mysterious Hieroglyphicks of Love, as hearts transfixed, and abundance of odd-fashion'd battering Rams, such as young Lovers use to trace upon the Cieling of a Coffee-house with the smoke of a Candle. Some half a score of 'em were making to the door, but having seen enough of these Impertinents in the other world, I had no great inclination to suffer a new Persecution from 'em in this. So my Friend and I

turn'd

turn'd up to the Apartment where the Republicans were lock'd up, who made such a Hurricane and noise, as if a Legion of Devils had been broke loose among them. *Harrington*, I remember, was the most unruly of the whole pack. Thanks to my friends in *London*, says he, I hear my *Oceana* is lately reprinted, and furbish'd with a new Dedication to those judicious and worthy Gentlemen, my Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. You need not value yourself so much upon that, says *Algernoon Sidney*, for my works were publish'd there long before yours. And so were mine, crys *Milton*, at the expence of some worthy Patriots, that were not afraid to publish them under a Monarchical Government. But what think you of my Memoirs, crys *Ludlow*, for if you talk of Histories, there's a History for you, which, for Sincerity and Truth never saw its fellow since the Creation. Upon this the uproar begun afresh, so thinking it high time to withdraw, I jogg'd my friend *Nokes* by the Elbow, and as we went down Stairs told him, that *Pluto* was certainly in the right on't to lock up these hot-headed Mutineers by themselves, and allow them neither Pen, Ink, Fire, nor Candle; for should he give them

leave

leave to propagate their ſeditious Doctrines, he would only find himſelf King of *Erebus*, at the courteſie of his loving Subjects.

Juſt as we were going out of this famous Edifice, I have an odd piece of News to tell you, ſays Mr. *Nokes*, which is, That altho we have Men of all Countries more or leſs here, yet there never was one *Iriſh* man in it. How comes that about, I beſeech you, ſaid I to him? why replyes he, Madneſs always ſuppoſes a loſs of Reaſon; but the Duce is in't if a man can loſe that which he never poſſeſs'd in his Life. Oh your humble Servant, anſwer'd I, 'tis well none of our ſwaggering dear Joys in *Covent-Garden* hear you talk ſo, for if they did, ten to one but they would cut your Throat for this reflection upon the Intellects of their Countrey, and ſend you to the Devil for the honour of St. *Patrick*.

When we came out into the open Air again, and had taken half a dozen turns in the neighbouring Fields, Mr. *Nokes*, ſays I, 'tis my misfortune to come to this place without a farthing of Money in my Pocket, and *Alecto* confound me, if I know what courſe to take for my Maintenance, therefore I would deſire you to put me in a way. Have no care for that, ſays Mr. *Nokes*, his Infer-

Infernal Majesty is very kind and obliging to us Players; and because we act so many different parts in the other world, as Kings, Princes, Bishops, Privy-Councellors, Beaux, Cits, Saylors, and the like, gives us leave to follow what Profession we have most a fancy to. For my part, I keep a Nicknacka-tory or Toy-shop, as I formerly did over against the Exchange, and turn a sweet Penny by it; for our Gallants here throw away their money after a furious rate. Now *Jo*, I think thou canst not do better than to set up for a High *German* Fortune-teller, thou knowest all the Cant and Roguery of that practice to perfection, and besides hast the best Phyz in the world to carry on such an Affair. As for Money to furnish thee a House and set up a convenient Equipage, to buy thee a pair of Globes, a Magick Looking-glass, and all other accoutrements of that nature, thou shalt command as much as thou hast occasion for. I was going to thank my Friend for so courteous an offer, when who should pop upon us on the sudden but his *Polish* Majesty's Physician in Ordinary, the late famous Doctor *Connor* of *Bowstreet*; but in so wretched a pickle, so tatter'd a condition that I could hardly know him. How comes this

about

about noble Doctor, said I to him, what is Fortune unkind, and do the Planets frown upon Merit? I remember you were going to set up your Coach, and marry the Widow *Bentley* in *Russel-street*, just before your last distemper hurry'd you out of the world. Is it possible the learned Author of *Evangelium Medicum* should want Bread; or Doctor did you leave all your *Hibernian* confidence behind you. I thought a true *Irishman* could have made his Fortune in any part of the Universe.

Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur,
Sed gravitèr gemitus imo de pectore ducens.

Mr. *Haines*, says he, *Pluto*, to say no worse of him, is very ungrateful to the Gentlemen of our Faculty; and were he not a crown'd head, I would not stick to call him a *Poltrone*. I am sure no body of Men cultivate his Interest with more Industry and Success, than we Physicians. What would his Dominions be but a bare Wilderness and Solitude, if we did not daily take care to stock them with fresh Colonies? This, I can say for my self, that I did not let him lose one Patient that fell into my hands; nay rather than he should

want

want Customers, I practised upon my self. But after the received Maxim of most Princes, I find he loves the Treason and hates the Traytor; so that no people are put to harder shifts in Hell, than the Sons of *Galen*. Would you believe it, Mr. *Haines*, the immortal Dr. *Willis* is content to be a Flayer of dead Horses; The famous *Harvey*, is turn'd Higler, and you may see him ride every morning to Market upon a panyer of Eggs; *Mayern* is glad to Pimp to Noblemen's *Valets de Chambre*; Old *Glisson* sells Vinegar upon a lean scraggy Tit; *Moreton* is return'd to his old occupation, and preaches in a little Conventicle you can hardly swing a Cat round in; *Lower* sells Penny Prayer-Books all the week, and curls an *Amen* in a Meeting-house on *Sundays*; *Needham* in conjunction with Captain *Dawson* is Bully to a *Bordello*; and the celebrated *Sydenham* empties Close-stools. As for my self, I am sometimes a small retainer to a Billiard Table, and sometimes when the Master on't is sick, earn a penny by a Whimsey Board. I lie with a Linkman upon a flock bed in a Garret, and have not seen a clean shirt upon my back, since I came into this cursed Countrey. By my troth, said I, I am sorry to hear matters

go

go so scurvily with you, but pluck up a good heart, for when the times are worst they must certainly mend. But pray Doctor before you go any further, satisfie me what Church you died a Member of, for we had the Devil and all to do about you when you were gone. The Parson of St. *Giles's* stood out stiffly that you dyed a sound Protestant, but all your Countrymen swore thou didst troop off like a good Catholick. Why really *Jo*, cry'd the Doctor, to deal plainly with you, I don't know well what Religion I dy'd in, but if I dy'd in any, as Physicians you know, seldom do, it was as I take it that of the Church of *England*. I remember indeed, when I grew light headed, and the Bed, Room, and every thing began to turn round with me, that a foster-brother of mine, an *Irish* Priest, offered me the civility of Extreme Unction; and I, that knew I had a long journey to go, thought it would not be amiss to have my Boots well liquor'd before hand, tho after all, for any good it did me, he might as well have rub'd my Posteriors with a Brick-bat. This is all I remember of the matter, but what signifies it to the business we were talking of? In short *Jo*, if thou couldst put me in a way to live, I should be

exceed-

exceedingly beholding to thee. Doctor, cry'd I, if you will come to me a Week hence, something may be done, for I intend to build me a Stage in one of the largest *Piazza*'s of this City, take me a fine House, and set up my old Trade of Fortune-telling; and as I shall have occasion now and then for some understrapper to draw Teeth for me, or to be my Toad-eater upon the Stage, if you will accept of so mean an Employment, besides my old Cloaths, which will be something, I'll give you Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, and Four Marks *per annum*.

I am sensible, Gentlemen, that I have tired your Patience with a long tedious Letter, but not knowing when I should find so convenient an opportunity to send another, I resolved to give you a full account in this, of all the memorable things that fell within the compass of my observation, during my short residence in this Country. At present, thanks to my kind Stars, I live very comfortably, I keep my brace of Geldings and half a dozen Servants; my House is as well furnish'd as most in this populous City, and to tell you what prodigious numbers of Persons of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions flock daily to me to have their Fortunes

told, 'twould hardly find belief with you. If the Celestial Phænomenas deceive me not, and there is any truth in the Conjunction of *Mercury* and *Luna*, I shall in a short time rout all the pretenders to Astrology, who combine to ruine my Reputation and Practice, but without effect; for this opposition has rather increased my Friends at Court than lessen'd them. I am promised to be *Maître des langues* to the young Prince of *Acheron*, (so we call the Heir Apparent to these subterranean Dominions;) and *Proserpine's Camariera Major* assured me t'other Morning, I should have the honour of teaching the beautiful Princess *Fuscamarilla*, his Sister, to dance. Once more, Gentlemen, I beg your excuse for this Prolix Epistle, and hopeing you will order one of your fraternitty to send me the News of your upper World, I remain

Your most obliged and most obedient

Servant, Jo. Haines.

Dec. 21. 1701.

AN-

ANSWER

TO

Mr. Joseph Haines *High German Astrologer, at the Sign of the* Urinal *and* Cassiopea's Chair *in* Brandipolis *upon* Phlegethon.

Worthy Sir,

WE received your Letter, dated *Dec.* 21, 1701. and read it yesterday in a full Assembly at *Will's*. The whole Company lik'd it exceedingly, and return you their thanks for the ample and satisfactory account you have given them of *Pluto's* Dominions, from which we have had little or no News, however it has happen'd, since the famous *Don Quevedo* had the curiosity to travel thither.

Whereas you desire us by way of Exchange to furnish you with some of the most memorable Transactions that have lately fallen out in this part of the Globe, we willingly comply with your proposal; and are proud of any opportunity to shew

Mr. *Haines*, how much we respect and value him.

Imprimis, *Will*'s Coffee-house, Mr. *Haines*, is much in the same condition as when you left it, and as a worthy Gentleman has lately distributed them into their proper Classes, We have four sorts of Persons that resort hither: *First*, Such as are Beaux and no Wits, and these are easie to be known by their full Periwigs and empty Skulls. *Secondly*, Such as are Wits and no Beaux, and these, not to talk of their outsides, are distinguished by censuring the ill taste of the Age, and railing at one another. *Thirdly*, Such as are neither Wits nor Beaux, I mean, your grave plodding Politicians that come to us every night piping hot from the Parliament House, and finish Treaties that were never thought of, and end Wars before they are begun. And *Fourthly*, Such as are both Wits and Beaux, to whose Persons as well as Merits you can be no stranger.

In the next place, The Play-house stands exactly where it did. Mr. *Rich* finds some trouble in managing his mutinous Subjects, but 'tis no more than what Princes must expect to find in a mixt Monarchy, as we take the Play-house to be. The Actors

jog

jog on after the old merry rate, and the Women drink and intrigue. Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet*, with his pack of Dogs and Organ, comes now and then to their relief; and your friend Mr. *Jevon* wou'd hang himself to see how much the famous Mr. *Harvey* exceeds him in the Ladder-dance.

We have had an Inundation of Plays lately, and one of them by a great Miracle made a shift to hold out a full Fortnight. The generality either are troubled with Convulsion fits, and dye the first day of the representaton, or by meer dint of acting hold out to the third, which is like a Consumptive Man's living by Cordials, or else dye a violent Death, and are interr'd with the Solemnity of Cat-calls. A merry Virtuoso, who makes one of the Congregation *de propagando ingenio*, designs to publish a weekly Bill for the use of the Two Theatres, in imitation of that publish'd by the Parish Clerks, and faithfully to set down what Distemper every New Play dyes of.

If the Author of a Play strains hard for Wit, and it dribl s drop by drop from him, he says 'tis troubled with a Strangury. If 'tis Vicious in the design and performance, and dull throughout, he intends to

give out in his Bill that it dy'd by a knock in the Cradle; if it miscarries for want of fine Scenes and due Acting, why then, he says, 'tis starv'd at Nurse; if it expires the first or second day, he reckons it among the Abortives: And lastly, if 'tis damn'd for the feebleness of its Satyr, he says it dies in breeding of Teeth.

As our Wit, generally speaking, is debauch'd, so our Wine, the Parent of it is sophisticated all over the Town; and as we never had more Plays in the Two Houses, and more Wine in the City than at present: so we were never encumber'd with worse of the two sorts than now. As for the latter, we sell that for Claret which has not a drop of the juice of the Grape in it, but is down-right Cider. The Corruption does not stop short here, but our Cider instead of Apples is made of Turnips. Who knows where the cheat will conclude? perhaps the next Generation will debauch our very Turnips.

'Tis well, Mr. *Haines*, you died when you did; for that unhappy place, where you have so often exerted your Talent, I mean *Smithfield*, has fallen under the City Magistrate's displeasure; so that now St. *George* and the *Dragon*, the *Trojan* Horse, and

and *Bateman's* Ghost, the Prodigal Son, and *Jephtha's* Daughter; in short, all the Drolls of Glorious Memory, are routed, defeated and sent to Grass, without any hopes of a reprieve.

Next to Plays, we have been over-run, in these times of publick Ferment and Distraction, with certain wicked things called Pamphlets; and some Scriblers that shall be nameless, have writ *Pro* and *Con* upon the same Subject at least six times since last Spring.

Both Nations are at a bay, and like two Bull-Dogs snarl at one another, yet have not thought fit, as yet, to come to actual Blows. What the Event will be, we cannot prophesie at this distance, but every little Corporation in the Kingdom has laid *Lewis le Grand* upon his back, and as good as call'd him perjur'd Knave and Villain. However, 'tis the hardest case in the world if we miscarry; our *Grubstreet* Pamphleteers advise the Shires and Boroughs what sort of Members to chuse: The Shires and Boroughs advise their Representatives, what course to steer in Parliament, and the Senators no doubt on't will advise his Majesty what Ministers to rely on, and how to behave himself in this present Conjun-

cture. Thus Advice, you see, like Malt-Tickets, circulates plentifully about the Kingdom. So that if we fail in our designs after all, the wicked can never say 'twas for want of Advice. We forgot to tell you, Mr. *Haines*, that since you left this Upper World your Life has been written by a Brother Player, who pretends he received all his Memoirs from your own Mouth a little before you made a leap into the Dark; and really you are beholding to the fellow, for he makes you a Master of Arts at the University, tho' you never took a Degree there. That, and a Thousand stories of other People he has father'd upon you, and the truth on't is, the adventures of thy Life, if truly set down, are so Romantick, that few besides thy acquaintance would be able to distinguish between the History and the Fable. But let not this disturb the serenity of your Soul, Mr. *Haines*, for after this rate the Lives of all Illustrious Persons, whether Ancient or Modern have been written. This, Mr. *Haines*, is all we have to communicate to you at present, so we conclude with subscribing our selves,

Your most Humble Servants.

From Will's *in* Covent-Garden, *Jan.* 10. 1701.

Sebastian Freeman, *Registrarius Nomine Societatis.*

PERKIN

PERKIN WARBECK

To the Illustrious Prince of WALES.

By another Hand.

Dear Cousin Sham,

WE had a fierce debate here on the 13*th. passuto*, between my Lord *Fitz-Walter*, Sir *Simon Mountford*, Sir *William Stanly*, and my self; whether by a parity of Reason, *England* might not once more have the same Card trump'd up upon 'em: in a word we were consulting your affairs, and they were most of 'em of opinion, that there cou'd not be any good success expected from your Personal Endowments, and Princely Qualifications. For you must give me leave to tell you, Coz, that I was a smart Child, and a smock-fac'd Youth: I had not the good luck to kill a wild Boar at your years, but I could sit the great Horse before I could

go

go alone. I had all the advantages of Friends that you have; and the interest of my good Aunt the Dutchess of *Burgundy*, let me tell you, was as capable of seconding me, as the House of *Modena* is you: Nay, I had the *Scotch* on my side, assistance from *Ireland*, and not without a party, you see, even in *England* too. But the *English* Mob is the most giddy, wretched, senceless Mob of all the Mobs in the world. How they crowded in to me at *Whitesand-bay*, and in their first fury fought well enough before *Exeter*: But when they heard of an Army coming against 'em, the scoundrels run away and left me: all my blooming hopes, and fancied Kingdoms dwindled away in a small Sanctuary, that I exchanged for a Prison, and brought my *Habeas Corpus*, and so turn'd my self over to *Tyburn*, and am now in the Rules of *Acheron*. Our Kinsman *Lambert Symnel* and I drank your health t'other morning in a curious Cup of *Styx*, and the arch sawcy Rogue, said, how he shou'd laugh to see his Brother of *Wales* succeed him in his great Employment at Court; continually turning a Spit wou'd harden and inure you, and so prepare you for these smoaky and warmer Climates: not but that there is matter of Speculation

in

in it too: the turning of the Spit is an Emblem of the Vicissitude of Humane Affairs. But, before I take my leave good Cousin, I must offer a little of my advice to you, if it be possible any ways to meliorate your destiny, and that is, That you wou'd make a Campaign or two in *Italy*: Marshal *Villeroy* will shew you what it is to be well beaten; and 'till then, you'll never be a great General. But *Charon* is just Landing a multitude of *French* from those parts; I must go see what News, and inform my self farther of your welfare and prosperity. Adieu.

My Lord,

ON the 25*th. passato*, there happen'd a very considerable dispute in the *Delphick Vale*; the *Literati* had hard words, and it was fear'd by *Pluto* himself that the angry shades wou'd have come to somewhat worse. It may be you in those grosser Regions, do not believe that we here below lose nothing of our selves by Death, but the Terrene part: nay the very Soul it self retains some of those unhappy impressions it receiv'd from Flesh and

and Blood. Here *Cæsar* bites his Thumb; when *Alexander* walks by, frowns upon *Brutus*, and blushes when we talk of King *William*: the great *Gustavus Adolphus* only wishes himself upon Earth again to serve a Captain under him: *Turenne* wants to be in *Italy*, and *Wallesteen* assures him that Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* would have had the same glorious Success against him, as *Catinat* and *Villeroy*. *Hannibal* own'd that his march over, or rather through the *Alpes*, was not so honourable an Action as the Prince's; and the Arts and Experience may make a General: yet, Nature only can form an *Eugene*. Surly *Charon* has been so plagu'd with the *French* from those parts, that he has been forc'd to leave whole shoals of 'em behind: once they crowded in so fast they had almost overset the Boat, and still as they press'd forward, cry'd *Vauban*, *Vauban*: but the old Gentleman, unwilling to hazard himself, push'd a multitude of 'em back with his Sculls, and so put off..... However, this is not the business I design'd to mention: something more particular, and of more weighty consequence is the occasion of this Letter. The real Witts refus'd to take notice of Prince *Arthur* and King *Arthur*, who were walking hand in hand;

hand; some shallow pated Versificators wou'd resent the indignity put upon 'em, and spit whole Pages of *Blackmore* at 'em: This was very disgusting to the *Literati*, and it is inconceivable what a horrid stench they made with uttering those Verses. The more robust Spirits were almost choak'd; you may then judge what condition the delicate and nice Stomachs of the Men of Wit were in: but while every one was wishing for their Clothes of Humanity again to be less sensible of this execrable smell, a worthy *Literate* came in from *London*, who being inform'd of the occasion of that terrible inconveniency, repeated a few commendatory Verses, and immediately the Air grew tolerable, and the Brimstone burnt serene. *Job* himself did confess, that had he been in the Flesh again, he was terribly affraid he shou'd have murder'd the Doctor: when a merry Spirit standing at his Elbow, said, It was no such wonderful thing to have a S'rreverence of a Man be mine Arse of a Poet. But *Charon* waits, I must conclude, and as convenience serves, shall inform you of what passes in these gloomy Regions.

A LETTER FROM *Mr.* Abraham Cowley *to the* Covent-Garden *Society.*

By another Hand.

THE ſhatter'd Laurels of the Acherontic Walks, owe not ſo much of their misfortune to the ſhallowneſs of *Aganippe* as to the ungenerous procedure of the Sons of *Helicon.* Either Hill of *Parnaſſus* is fortifi'd, and what with ancient and modern Wit, even you, Gentlemen, of real parts, have none of you that applauſe, which in a thouſand occaſions you have ſo juſtly merited. Theſe melancholy reflections, Gentlemen, add a new thickneſs to the gloomy Sulphur, and we cannot enjoy a perfect quiet here, ſeeing there is ſo great and ſo dangerous a miſunderſtanding between you on the other ſide of *Phlegethon.* Why ſhou'd there be ſo many pointed Satyrs

Satyrs against one another, why shou'd you shew the very Blockheads themselves where you Men of Sence are not quite such as you would pass upon the world for. Your invidious Criticisms only shew others where you are vulnerable, and give an argument under your own hand against your own selves. There is a Charity in concealing faults, but to make them more obvious, has a double ill nature in it. Cann't *Arthur* be a worthless Poem, but a Squadron of Poets must tell all the world so. Is there Honour in rumaging a Dung-hil, or telling the Neighbours where there is one. The Bee gathers honey from every flower, 'tis the Beetles that delight in Horse-dung. Is it not much more preferable to make something ones self useful to mankind, than only to shew wherein another is a Coxcomb. Partizans in Wit never do well: They only lay the Countrey waste; they gratifie their own private Spleen it may be, but they do not help the publick. Unite your Forces, Gentlemen, against Ignorance that growing and powerful Enemy to you and us: Erect Triumphal Arches to one another, and do not enviously pull down, what others are endeavouring to set up. Your mutual quarrels have

shaken

ſhaken the very foundation of Wit and good Humour. 'Tis the Faction a Man is of, determines what he is, not his Learning and Parts; we cannot hear, Gentlemen, of theſe inteſtine Diſſentions without a great concern and diſpleaſure: and muſt take the liberty to tell you, we apprehend the Muſes may ſhortly be reduced to the neceſſity of ſhutting up the Delphic Library, and write upon the doors, *ruit ipſa ſuis Roma viribus.*

FROM

CHARON

To the moſt Illuſtrious and High-born

JACK KETCH, Eſq.

Moſt worthy Kinſman and Benefactor,

I Cannot but with the laſt degree of ſorrow and anguiſh, inform you of our preſent wretched condition; we have even tired our Palms and our Ribs at Slappatypouch; and if it had not been for ſome Gentlemen, that came from the Coaſts of

Italy

Italy, I had almost forgot to handle my Sculls. There came a sneaking Goast here, some a day, or two, or three ago; and he surpris'd us with an account (I may call it indeed a terrible one) that you have had a Maiden Session in your Metropolis. Was it then possible that *Newgate* shou'd be without a Rogue, or our Patron the most worshipful Sir senceless *L----l* without an Execution in his Mouth. You talk of having hang'd Tiburn in mourning: why Cousin *Ketch* upon my sincerity, and for fear you shou'd question my Veracity, by the thickest mud in *Acheron*, I swear, it is almost high time that my Boat was in mourning: what He upon the Bench and no man hang'd! well, as assuredly as the Blood of the Horses rise up in Judgment against our Friend *Whitney*, this Maiden Session shall rise up in Judgment against him. Such shoals I have had from time to time, mere sacrifices to his Avarice or his Malice, that unless his Conscience begins to fly in his Face, I cannot comprehend what shou'd occasion this calm at the Old Baily. For, give me leave, dear Cousin, to tell you, that formerly he never sav'd any Man for his Money, but he hang'd another in his room; trading was then pretty

good, Cousin, and there was a Penny to be got; but indeed on your side it is very dull: Nay in *Flanders* too, that fertile soil of Blood and Wounds, there has not one Leg nor one Arm been brought us all this Summer. Pre'thee be you *Charon*, and let me be Recorder, I'll warrant you somewhat more to do.

King *JAMES* the II^ds^
LETTER
To *LEWIS* the XIVth.

By another Hand

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,

THo' I have traverst the vast Abyss that lies betwixt us, and am now at some hundred Millions of Leagues distance from you, yet do I still remember the Promise I made you before my departure, to send you an account of my Journey hither. Know then that all the stories you hear of the Mansions of the Dead, are meer Flim-flams, invented by

by the Crafty, to terrifie and manage the Weak. Here's no such thing as *Hell* or *Purgatory*; no *Lakes of Fire and Brimstone*; no *Cloven-footed Devils*; no *Land of Darkness*. This Place is wonderfully well lighted by a never-decaying Effulgence, which flows from the Almighty; and the Pleasures we Dead enjoy, and the Torments we endure, consist in a full and clear view of our past Actions, whether good or bad; and in being in such or such Company, as is allotted us. For my part, I am continually tormented with the Thoughts of having lost Three Goodly Kingdoms by my Infatuation and Biggotry; and to aggravate my Pain, I am quarter'd with my honour'd Royal Father *Charles* I. My honest well-meaning Brother *Charles* II. and the subtle *Machiavel*; the First reproaches me ever and anon, with my not having made better use of his dreadful Example; the Second, with having despis'd his wholesom Advice; and the Third, with having misapply'd his Maxims, through the wrong suggestions of my Father Confessor. Oh! that I had had as little Religion as your self, or as *S*—— *M*—— *R*—— *H*—— and some other of my Ministers! and my Successors! Then might I have reign'd with

Honour and in Plenty over a Nation, which is ever Loyal and Faithful to a Prince who is tender of their Laws and Liberties; and peacefully resign'd my Crown to my lawfully begotten Son; whereas through the delusions of Priest-craft, and the fond Insinuations of a bigotted Wife, I endeavour'd to establish the Superstitions of *Popery*, and the fatal Maxims of a Despotick, Dispensing Power, upon the Ruins of the Protestant Religion, and of the Fundamental Laws of a Free People; which at last, concluded with my Abdication and Exile. I am sorry you have deviated from your wonted custom of breaking your Word, and that you have punctually observ'd the Promise you made me at my dying Bed, of acknowledging my dear Son as King of *Great Britain*; for I fear my *quondam* Subjects, who love to contradict you in every thing, will from thence take an occasion to *abjure* him for ever; whereas had you *disown'd* him, they would perhaps have *acknowledg'd* him in meer spite. Cardinal *Richelieu*, who visits me often, professes still a great deal of Zeal and Affection for your Government, but is extremely concern'd at the wrong Measures you take to arrive at *Universal Monarchy*. He has desir'd

ſired me to adviſe you to keep to the old method he chalk'd out for you, which is to truſt more to your *Gold*, than to your *Arms*. I cannot but think he is in the right on't, conſidering the wonderful ſucceſs the firſt has lately had with the Archbiſhop of *Cologn*, and ſome other *German* and *Italian* Princes, and the ſmall progreſs your Armies have made in the *Milaneze*. But the wholeſomneſs of his advice is yet better juſtifi'd by your dealings with the *Engliſh*, whom you know, you have always found more eaſily *brib'd* than *bullied*. Therefore, as you tender the Grandeur of your Monarchy, and the Intereſt of my dear Son, inſtead of raiſing new Forces, and fitting out Fleets, be ſure to ſend a Cart-load of your new-coin'd *Lewis d'Ors* into *England*, in order to divide the Nation, and ſet the *Whigs* and *Tories* together by the Ears: But take care you truſt your Money in the hands of a Perſon that knows how to diſtribute it, to more advantage than either Count *T*----*d* or *P*-----*n*; who, as I'm told, have laviſh'd away your favours all at once upon *inſatiable Cormorants*, and extravagant *Gameſters* and *Spend-thrifts*. 'Tis true by their Aſſiſtance, and the unwearied Diligence of my Loyal *Jacobites*,

you have made a shift to get the *Old Ministry discarded*, and to retard the Grand Alliance; but let me tell you, unless you Fee 'em afresh, they will certainly leave you in the lurch at the next Sessions; for *Ingratitude* and *Corruption* do always go together. Therefore to keep those Mercenary Rogues to their Behaviour, and in perpetual dependance, you must feed 'em with small Portions, as Weekly, or Monthly Allowances. Above all, bid your Agents take heed how they deal with a certain *indefatigable Writer*, who as long as your Gold has lasted, has been very useful to our Cause, and boldly defeated the dangerous Counsels of the *Whigs*; your implacable Enemies; but who, upon the first withdrawing of your Bounty, will infalliby *turn Cat in Pan*, and write for the House of *Austria*.

I could give you more Instructions in Relation to *England*, but not knowing whether they would be taken in good part, I forbear 'em for the present. Pray, comfort my Dear Spouse with a Royal Kiss, and tell her, I wait her coming with Impatience. Bid my beloved Son not despair of ascending my Throne, that is, provided he shakes off the Fetters of the *Romish* Superstition; let him not despond upon account

count of my unfaithful Servant *Fuller*'s Evidence against his Legitimacy, for the Depositions of my Nobility which are still upon Record in the Chancery, will easily defeat that *Perjur'd* Fellows pretended Proof, with all honest considering Men. And as for the numerous Addresses, which, I hear, are daily presented to my Successor against him, he may find as many in my strong Box, which were presented to me in his Favour, both before and after his Birth. The last Courier brought us News of a pretended Miracle wrought by my Body at the *Benedictine*'s Church: I earnestly desire you to disabuse the World, and keep the Impostor from getting Ground; for how is it possible I should cure Eye-Fistula's, now I am Dead, that could not ease my self of a troublesome Corn in my Toe when living? My Service to all our Friends and Acquaintance; and be assur'd that all the *Lethean* Waters, shall never wash away from my Memory, the great Services I have received at your hands, in the other World; nor the inviolable Affection which makes me subscribe my self,

Dear, Royal Brother and Cousin,
Your most obliged Friend.
JAMES Rex.

LEWIS the XIVth's
ANSWER
To King *JAMES* the II^d^.

Most Beloved Royal Brother, and Cousin,

YOurs I receiv'd this Morning, and no sooner cast my Eyes upon the Superscription, but I guest it to be written by one of my *Fellow Kings* by the *Scrawl* and *Ill Spelling*. I am glad your account of the other World, agrees so well with the Thoughts I always entertain'd about it. For, between Friends, I never believ'd the Stories the Priests tell us of Hell, and Purgatory. *Ambition* has ever been my *Religion*; and my *Grandeur* the only *Deity* to which I have paid my Adorations. If I have persecuted the Protestants of my Kingdom, 'twas not because I thought their Perswasion worse than the *Romish*, but because I look'd upon 'em as a sort of dangerous *Antimonarchical* People; who, as they had fix'd the Crown upon my Head, so they might as easily take it off, to serve their

their own Party; and becauſe by that means, I ſecur'd the *Jeſuits*, who muſt be own'd the beſt ſupporters of Arbitrary Power. Nay to tell you the Truth, my deſign in making you, by my Emiſſaries, a ſtickler for Popery, was only to create jealouſies betwixt you and your People, that ſo you might ſtand in need of my Aſſiſtance, and be Tributary to my Power. I am ſorry you are in the Company of the Three Perſons you mention. To get rid of their Teazing, and Reproaching Converſation, I adviſe you to propoſe a match at *Whisk*, and if by caſting *Knaves* you can but get *Machiavil* on your ſide, I'm ſure you'll get the better of the other Two. Since you mention my owning the Prince your Son as King of great *Britain*, I muſt needs tell you, that neither he nor you, have reaſon to be beholden to me for it: For what I did, was not to keep my Promiſe to you, but only to ſerve my own Ends. I conſider'd, that an Alliance being made between the *Engliſh*, the Emperour and the *Dutch*, in order *to reduce my Exorbitant Power*; a War muſt inevitably follow. Now, I ſuppoſe, that after two or three Years Fighting, my Finances will be pretty near exhauſted, and that I ſhall be forc'd

to

to condescend to give Peace to *Europe*, as I did Four Years ago. The Emperour, I reckon, will be brought to Sign and Seal upon reasonable Terms, and be contented with having some small share in the *Spanish* Monarchy; as will the *Dutch* also with a Barrier in *Flanders*. These Two less considerable Enemies being quieted, how shall I pacifie those I fear most, I mean, the *English*? Why, by turning your dear Son out of my Kingdom, as I formerly did you and your Brother. Not that I will wholly abandon him neither: No, You may rest assured, that I will re-espouse his Quarrel, as soon as I shall find an opportunity to make him instrumental to the advancement of my Greatness. I am oblig'd to Cardinal *Richelieu* for the concern he shows for the Honour of *France*; and will not fail to make use of his Advice, as far as my running Cash will let me. But I am somewhat puzzled how to manage Matters in *England* at the next Session; for my Agent *P*--------*n*, by taking his leave in a publick Tavern of Three of our best Friends has render'd them suspected to the Nation, and consequently useless to me. I wish you could direct me to some trusty *Jacobite* in *England*, to distribute my Bribes; for I find

find my own Subjects unqualified for that Office, and easily *bubbled* by the sharp Mercenary *English*. However I will not so much depend upon my *Lewis d'Ors*, as to disband my Armies, and lay up my Fleets; as you and Cardinal *Richelieu* seem to counsel me to do. I suppose you have no other Intelligence but the *London-Gazette*; else you would not entertain so despicable an Opinion of my Arms in *Italy*. I send you here enclos'd a collection of the *Gazetts* Printed this Year in my good City of *Paris*, whereby you will find upon a right Computation, that the *Germans* have lost *Ten* men to *One* of the Confederates. Pray fail not sending me by the next Post, all the Instructions you can think of, in relation to *England*: For tho' you made more false steps in this World than any of your Predecessors; yet I find by your Letter, you have wonderfully improv'd your Politicks by the Conversation of *Machiavil* and *Richelieu*. I have communicated your Letter to your dear Spouse and beloved Son, who cannot be perswaded to believe it came from you; not thinking it possible that so *Religious* a Man, whilst living, should turn *Libertine* after his death. I cannot with safety comply with your desire

of

of diſabuſing the World concerning the miraculous Cure pretended to be wrought by your Body at the *Benedictine's* Church. Such *Pious Frauds* being the main prop of the *Popiſh* Religion; as this is of my Sovereign Authority. Your Son may hope to be one day ſeated on your Throne, not by turning Proteſtant (to which he is entirely averſe, and which I ſhall be ſure to prevent) but by the *SUPERIORITY* of my Arms, and the *EXTENSIVENESS* of my *POWER*, after I ſhall have fix'd my Son in the Monarchy of *Spain*. Madam *Maintenon* deſires to be remembred to you; ſhe writes by this Poſt to Mr. *Scarron* her former Husband, to deſire him to wait on you, and endeavour to divert your Melancholy Thoughts by reading to you the third part of his *Comical Romance*, which, we are inform'd, he has lately written for the entertainment of the Dead. I remain as faithfully as ever,

Dear Royal Brother and Couſin,

Your affectionate Friend.

LEWIS Rex.

FROM

FROM

JULIAN

Late Secretary of the Muses, to

WILL. PIERRE

Of Lincolns-Inn Fields *Play-house.*

Pandæmonium *the 8th of the Month of* Beelzebub.

By another Hand.

Worthy and right well-beloved,

THat you may not wonder at an Addreſs from Hell, or be ſcandaliz'd at the Correſpondence, I muſt let you know firſt that by the uncertainty of the Road, and the forgetfulneſs of my old acquaintance all my former Letters are either miſcarried, or have been neglected by my Correſpondents, who tho' they were fond enough of my Scandal, nay courted my Favours, when living, now I am paſt gratifying their Vices, like true great Men, they think no more of me. The conſcious *Tub-Tavern* can witneſs, and my *Berry-ſtreet* Apart-

ment

ment testifie the solicitations I have had, for the first Copy of a new Lampoon, from the greatest Lords of the Court; tho their own folly and their Wives Vices were the Subject. My Person was so sacred that the terrible *Scandman* had no Terrors for me, whose Business was so publick and so useful as conveying about the Faults of the Great and the Fair: For in my Books the *Lord* was shewn a *Knave* or *Fool*, tho his Power defended the former, and his Pride would not see the latter. The antiquated Coquet was told of her Age and Uglineſs, tho her Vanity plac'd her in the first row in the King's Box at the Play-house: and in the view of the Congregation at St. *James*'s Church. The precise Countess that wou'd be scandaliz'd at a double *entendre* was shewn betwixt a pair of Sheets with a well made Footman in spight of her Quality and Conjugal Vow. The formal Statesman that set up for Wisdom and Honesty was expos'd as a dull Tool, and yet a Knave; losing at Play his own Revenue, and the Bribes incident to his Post, besides enjoying the infamy of a poor and fruitless Knavery, without any concern. The demure Lady, that wou'd scarce sip off the Glass in Company, carousing her

her Bottles in private of cool *Nants* too, sometimes to correct the Crudities of her last nights Debauch. In short, in my Books were seen Men and Women as they were, not as they wou'd seem, strip'd of their Hypocrisie, and spoil'd of the Fig-leaves of their Quality. A Knave was call'd a Knave, a Fool a Fool, a Jilt a Jilt, and a Whore a Whore. And the Love of Scandal and native Malice that Men and Women have to one another, made me in such request when alive, that I was admitted to the Lord's Closet, when a Man of Letters and Merit wou'd be thrust out of doors. And I was as familiar with the Ladies, as their Lap-dogs; for to them I did often good services, under pretence of a Lampoon, I conveying a *Billet doux*, and so whilst I expos'd their past Vices in the present, I promoted matter for the next Lampoon. After all these Services, believe me, Sir, I was not sooner dead than forgotten; I have writ many Letters to the brib'd Courtiers of their fore-runners arrival in these parts, but not one word of answer. I sent word to my Lord *Squeez-all*, that his good Friend Sir *Parcimony Spare-all* was newly arriv'd, and clap'd into the Bilboes for a Fool as well as Knave,

that

that ſtarv'd himſelf to ſupply the prodigality of his Heirs. But he deſpiſes good Counſel, I hear, and ſtarves both himſelf and his Children to raiſe them Portions. I writ another Letter to my Lady *Man-ſhim*, that virtuous Mrs. *Vizor* was brought in here, and made Shroving Fritters for the hackney Devils, for her unnatural Luſts; but *Sue Frouſie* that came hither the other day, aſſures me, That ſhe either receiv'd not my Letter, or at leaſt took no notice of it; for that ſhe went on in her old road, and had brought her Vice almoſt into faſhion, and that the practical Vices of the Town boaded an eternal breach betwixt the Sexes, while each confin'd itſelf to the ſame Sex, and ſo threatned a ceſſation of Commerce in Propagation betwixt 'em. In ſhort, Sir, I have tyr'd myſelf with Advices to my *quondam* Acquaintance, and that ſhould take away your ſurprize at my ſending to you, who muſt be honeſt, becauſe you are ſo poor, and a Man of Merit, becauſe you never were promoted, for your World of the Theatre is the true Picture of the greater World, where Honeſty and Merit ſtarve, while Knavery and Impudence get favour from all Men. For you, Sir, if I miſtake not, are one of the

moſt

most ancient of his Majesty's Servants, under the denomination of a Player, and yet cannot advance above the delivering a scurvy Message, which the strutting Leaders of your House wou'd do much more aukardly, and by consequence 'tis the partiality of them or the Town that have kept you in this low Post all this while: This perswades me that from you I may hope a true and sincere Account of things, and how matters are now carry'd above; for Lying, Hypocrisie and Compliment so take up all that taste of Fortunes favour, that there is scarce any credit to be given to their Narrations; for either out of Favour or Malice they give a false face to Histories, and misrepresent mankind to that abominable degree, that the best History is not much better than a probable Romance; and *Quintus Curtius*, and *Calprenede* are distinguish'd more by their Language than Sincerity. Thus much by shewing the motive of my writing to you, to take away your surprise, tho before I pass, to remove the Shame of such a Correspondence, I must tell you, that your station qualifying you for a right Information of the Scandal of the Town, I hope you will not fail to answer my expectation; behind your

Scenes come all the young Wits, and all the young and old Beaux, both Animals of Malice, and wou'd no more conceal any Womans Frailty or any Man's Folly, than they will own any Man's Sence, or any Womans Honesty.

I know that Hell lies under some disadvantages in the opinion even of those who are Industrious enough to secure themselves a retreat here. They play the Devil among you, and yet are asham'd of their Master, and rail at his abode as much as if they had no right to the Inheritance. The Miser whose daily Toils and nightly Cares and Study is how to oppress the Poor, cheat, or over-reach his Neighbour; to betray the Trusts his Hypocrisie procur'd; and in short, to break all the positive Laws of Morality, crys out, oh! Diabolical! at a poor harmless double meaning in a Play, and blesses himself that he is not one of the ungodly; rails at Hell and the Devil all the while he is riding Post to 'em. The holy Sister that sacrifices in the Righteousness of her Spirit, the reputation of some of her Acquaintance or other every day; that Cuckolds her Husband in the fear of the Lord with one of the Elect, rails at the Whore of *Babylon*, and Lawn-sleeves

as

as the diabolical invention of *Lucifer*, tho she is laying up provisions here for a long abode in these shades of reverend Sathan, whom she so much all her life declaims against; The Lawyer, that has watch'd whole Nights, and bawl'd away whole Days in bad Causes, for good Gold; that never car'd how crasie his Clients Title was if his bags were full; that has made a hundred Conveyances with flaws to beget Law-suits, and litigious Broils, when he's with the Devil, has the detestation of Hell and the Devil in his Mouth, all the while that the love of them fills his whole heart; and so through the rest of our false Brothers whose Mouths belye their Minds, and fix an Infamy on what they most pursue.

This is what may make you asham'd of my Correspondence, but when you will reflect on what good Company we keep here, you will think it more an honour than disgrace; for our Company here is chiefly compos'd of Princes, great Lords, modern Statesmen, Courtiers, Lawyers, Judges, Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of the Civil Law, Beaux, Ladies of Beauty and Quality, Wits of Title, Men of noble Honour, Gifted Brothers, boasters of the

Spirit, supply'd 'em from hence: In short, all that make most noise against us, which will, I hope, satisfie you so far, as to make me happy in a speedy Answer, which will oblige

Your very humble and
Infernal Servant, Julian.

WILL. PIERRE's ANSWER.

Lincoln-Inn Fields, Novem. 5. 1701. *Behind the Scenes.*

By the same Hand.

Worthy Sir of venerable memory.

YOurs I receiv'd, and have been so far from being surpriz'd at, or asham'd of your Correspondence, that the first I desir'd, and the latter was transported with; my Mind has been long burden'd, and I wanted such a Correspondent to disclose my grievances to, for there is no Man on Earth that wou'd give me the hearing; for Poverty makes a Man

Man of the best parts a Jest, and every Fool with a Feather in his Cap, can overlook a Man of Merit in Rags. Wit from one out at heels sounds like Non-sense in the Ear of a gay Fop, that knows no other furniture of a Head, but a full Wig; and he that would split himself with the half Jest of a Lord he wou'd flatter, is deaf to the best thing from the mouth of a poor Fellow he cann't get by. These Considerations, Sir, have made me proud of this occasion of replying to your obliging Letter in the manner you desire. For as Scandal was your occupation here above, you like Vintners and Bawds living on the Sins of the Times; so a short impartial account of the present state of Iniquity and Folly, cannot be disagreeable to you.

Poetry was the Vehicle that conveyed all your Scandal to the Town, and I being conversant about the skirts of that Art, my scandal must dwell chiefly thereabout; not omitting that scantling of general Scandal of the Town, that is come to my knowledge: for you must know since your death, and your Successor *Summerton*'s madness, Lampoon has felt a very sensible decay, and seldom is there any attempt at it, and when there is, 'tis very heavy and dull, cursed

Verse or worse Prose: So gone is the brisk Spirit of Verse that us'd to watch the Follies and Vices of the Men and Women of Figure, that they cou'd not start new ones faster than Lampoons expos'd them. This deficiency of Satyr is not from a scarcity of Vices, which abound more than ever, or Follies more numerous than in your time, but from a meer impotence of Malice, which tho as general as ever, confines it self to discourse; and railing is it's utmost effort, defaming over one Bottle those they caress over another: Every Man abuses his Friend behind his back, and no Man ever takes notice of it, but does the same in his turn; and for sincerity, Women have as much. The Women grow greater Hypocrites than ever, lewder in their Chamber practice, and more formal in publick; they rail at the Vices they indulge; they forsake publick Diversions, as Plays, *&c.* to gain the reputation of Virtue, to give a greater loose to the Domestick Diversions of a Bottle and Gallant, and Hypocrisie heightens their Pleasures. The Mode now is not as of old in all amorous encounters every Man to his Woman, but like Nuns in a Cloister, every Female has her *privado* of her own Sex, and the honester

honester part of Men must either fall in with the modish Vice or live Chastly, to both which I find a great many extreamly averse. There has a terrible Enemy arose to the Stage; an abdicated Divine, who when he had escaped the Pillory for Sedition and reforming the State, set up for the Reformation of the Stage; the Event was admirable, Fanaticks presented the *Non-juror*, and Misers and Extortioners gave him bountiful Rewards; one grave Citizen that had found his Character too often on the Stage, and famous for the ruine of some hundreds of poor under Tradesmens Families, laid out Threescore Pound in the Impression to distribute among the Saints, that are zealous for God and Mammon at the same time; Bully's and Republicans quarrel'd for the Passive Obedience Spark; Grave Divines extoll'd his Wit, and Atheists his Religion, the Fanaticks his Honesty, the Hypocrite his Zeal, and the Ladies were of his side because he was *for submitting to Force*. There is yet a greater mischief befall'n the *Stage*; here are Societies that set up for *Reformation of Manners*; Troops of *Informers* who are maintain'd by Perjury, serve God for *Gain*, and ferret out Whores for Subsistence. This

noble Society consist of Divines of both Churches, Fanatick as well as Orthodox, Saints and Sinners; Knights of the Post and Nights of the Elbow, and they are not more unanimous against *Immorality* in their *Informations* than for it in their *Practice*; They avoid no sins in themselves, and will suffer none in any one else. The Fanaticks that never preach'd up Morality in their Pulpits, or knew it in their dealings, wou'd seem to promote it in the ungodly. The *Church-men* that wou'd enjoy the Pleasure of Sinners, and the Reputation of Saints, are for punishing Whores and Drinking in all but themselves. In short, The Motive that carries the Popish Apostles to the richer Continents, makes these Gentlemen so busie in our Reformation, *Money*. Nay Reformation is grown a staple Commodity, and the dealers in it are suddenly to be made into a Corporation, and their privileges peculiar are to be *Perjury* without *Punishment*, and *Lying* with *Impunity*. The Whores have a Tax laid on them towards their maintenance, in which they share with Captain *W*----- and the Justices of the Peace, for *New Prison* knows them all in their turns, and 25, or 30. shillings gives them a Licence for *Whoring* till next pay day,

so

so that the effect of their Punishment only raises the price of the Sin, and the Vices of the Nation maintain the *Informers*. Drinking, Swearing and Whoring are the Manufactures they deal in, for shou'd they stretch their Zeal to *Cozening*, *Cheating*, *Usury*, *Extortion*, *Oppression*, *Defamation*, *Secret Adulteries* and *Fornication*, and a Thousand other of these more crying Immoralities, the City would rise against these invaders of their Liberties; and the Cuckolds, one and all, for their own and their Wives sakes rise against the Reformers; these worthy Gentlemen, for promoting the interest of the Crown-Office, and some such honest place, pick *harmless words* out of Plays to indite the Players, and squeez Twenty Pound a Week out of them if they can, for their exposing Pride, Vanity, Hypocrisie, Usury, Oppression, Cheating and the other darling Vices of the Master Reformers, who owe them a grudge not to be appeas'd without considerable offerings; for Money in these cases wipes off all defects.

There are other matters of smaller importance I shall refer to my next, as Who kisses who in our Dominions; that Hypocrisie has infected the stage too, where

Whores

Whores with great Bellies wou'd thrust themselves off for *Virgins*, and *Bully* the Audience out of their sight and understanding; where *Maids* can talk *bawdy for Wit*, and *Footmen* pass on quality for *Gentlemen*; *Fools* sit as Judges on *Wit*; and the *Ignorant* on Men of *Learning*; where the Motto is, *Vivitur ingenio*, the dull Rogues have the Management and the Profits. Where *Farce* is a darling, and good Sence and good Writing not understood. And this brings to my mind a thing I lately heard from a false smatterer in Poetry behind the Scenes, and which if you see *Ben. Johnson*, I desire you to communicate to him. A new Author says one, that has wrote a taking Play, is writing *a Treatise of Comedy, in which he mauls the learned Rogues the writers to some purpose*; he shews what a Coxcomb *Aristotle* was, and what a company of senceless pedants the *Scaligers*, *Rapines*, *Vossii*, *&c.* are; proves that no good Play can be regular, and that all rules are as *ridiculous* as *useless*. He tells us *Aristotle* knew nothing of Poetry (for he knew nothing of his fragments so extoll'd by *Scaliger*) and that common Sence and Nature was not the same in *Athens* as in *Drury-Lane*; that *Uniformity* and *Coherence* was

Green-

Green-sleeves and Pudding-pyes, and that *irregularity* and *nonsence* were the chief perfections of the *Drama*. That the *Silent Woman* by consequence was before the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and the *Ambitious Stepmother* better than the *Orphan*; That *Hiccius Doctius* was *Arabic*, and that *Bonnyclabber* is the *Black-broath* of the *Lacedæmonians*; and thus he runs on with Paradoxes as new as unintelligible; but this *noble Treatise* being only yet in the *Embryo*, you may expect a farther account of it in the next, from

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Pierre.

SCARON

SCARON
TO
LEWIS le Grand.

By Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

ALL the Converſation of this lower World at preſent runs upon you, and the Devil a word we can hear in any of our Coffee-houſes but what his *Gallic* Majeſty is more or leſs concern'd in. 'Tis agreed on by all our Virtuoſo's, that ſince the days of *Dioclesian*, no Prince has been ſo great a Benefactor to Hell as your ſelf; and as much a maſter of Eloquence as I was once thought to be at *Paris*, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for ſo heroically trampling under foot the Treaty of *Ryswick*, and opening a new Scene of War in your great *Climacterick*, at which age moſt of the Princes before you were ſuch Recreants as to think of making up their Scores with Heaven, and leaving their Neighbours in Peace. But you,

you, they ſay, are above ſuch ſordid Precedents, and rather than *Pluto* ſhall want Men to people his Dominions, are willing to ſpare him half a Million of your own Subjects, and that at a juncture too, when you are not over-ſtock'd with them.

This has gain'd you an univerſal applauſe in theſe Regions, the three *Furies* ſing your Praiſes in every ſtreet, *Bellona* Swears there's never a Prince in *Chriſtendom* worth hanging beſides your ſelf, and *Charon* buſtles for you in all Companies. He deſir'd me about a week ago to preſent his moſt humble reſpects to you; adding, That if it had not been for your Majeſty, he with his Wife and Children muſt long ago have been quarter'd upon the Pariſh, for which reaſon he duly drinks your health every morning in a Cup of cold *Styx* next his Conſcience.

Indeed I have a double Title to write to you, in the firſt place, as one of your dutiful tho unworthy Subjects, who formerly taſted of your Liberality; and ſecondly, as you have done me the Honour to take my late Wife not only into your private embraces, but private Counſels. Poor Soul! I little thought ſhe would fall to your Majeſty's ſhare when I took my laſt fare-

well

well of her, or that a Prince that had his choice of so many thousands, wou'd accept of my sorry leavings. And therefore I must confess, I am apt to be a little vain as often as I reflect that the greatest Monarch in the Universe and I are brother Starlins, and that the eldest Son of the Church and the little *Scaron* have fish'd in the same hole. Some sawcy fellows have had the impudence to tell me to my face that Madam *Maintenon* (for so out of respect to your Majesty I must call her) is your lawful Wife, and that you were Clandestinely married to her. I took them up roundly as they deserv'd, and told them I was sure it was a damn'd lye; for said I to them, if my Master was married to her, as you pretend, she had broke his Heart long ago as well as she did mine, from whence I positively concluded that she might be your Mistress, but was none of your Wife.

Last Week as I was sitting with some of my Acquaintance in a publick House, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the *Milanese*, and the intended Siege of *Mantua*, the whole Company fell a talking of your Majesty, and what glorious exploits you had perform'd in your time. Why, Gentlemen, says an ill-

look'd

look'd Rascal, who prov'd to be *Herostratus*, for *Pluto*'s sake let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too, 'twas I, who out of *Gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fir'd the famous Temple of the *Ephesian Diana*, and in two hours consumed that Magnificent Structure which was two hundred Years a building: Therefore, Gentlemen, lavish not away all your Praises, I beseech you, upon one Man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable Wretch, said I in a great Passion to to him, thou worthless idle *Loggerhead*, thou *Pigmee* in Sin, thou *Tom Thumb* in Iniquity, how dares such a puny Insect as thou art have the Impudence to enter the Lists with *Lewis le Grand*? Thou valuest thy self upon firing a Church, but how? When the Mistriss of the House, who was a Midwife by Profession, was gone out to assist *Olympias*, and deliver'd her of *Alexander* the great. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present and upon the spot: But what is this to what my Royal Master can boast of, that has destroy'd a hundred and a hundred such foolish Fabricks in his time, and brave-

ly

ly order'd them to be Bombarded, when he knew the very God that made and redeem'd him had taken up his quarters in them. Therefore turn out of the room like a paltry insignificant Villain as thou art, or I'll pink thy Carkass for thee.

He had no sooner made his *exit*, but crys an odd sort of a Spark with his Hat button'd up before like a Country Scraper; Under favour Sir, what do you think of me? Why, who are you? reply'd I to him. Who am I, answer'd he, why *Nero* the sixth Emperour of *Rome*, that murder'd my——. Come, said I to him, to stop your prating, I know your History as well as your self, that murder'd your Mother, kick'd your Wife down stairs, dispatch'd two Apostles out of the World, begun the first Persecution against the *Christians*, and lastly, put your Master *Seneca* to death. As for the Murder of your Mother, I confess it shew'd you had some taste of wickedness, and may pass for a tolerable piece of Gallantry: but pri'thee what a mighty matter was it to send your Wife packing with a good kick in the Guts, when once she grew nauseous and sawcy, 'tis no more than what a thousand Tinkers and Foot-Soldiers have done before you: Or to put the Penal Laws in

in execution against a brace of hot-headed Bigots and their besotted Followers, that must needs come and preach up a new Religion at *Rome*: or in fine, to take away a haughty ungrateful Pedant's Life, who conspir'd to take away yours; altho I know those worthy Gentlemen, the School-masters, make a horrid rout about it in their nonsensical Declamations? whereas his most *Christian Majesty*, whose Advocate I am resolv'd to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a Million of poor *Hugonots* at home, and sent t'other Million of them a grasing into foreign Countries, contrary to solemn *Edicts* and repeated promises, for no other provocation as I know of, but because they were such Coxcombs as to place him upon the Throne. In short, Friend *Nero*, thou mayst pass for a Rogue of the third or fourth Class, but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thy self such a Fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with *Lewis le Grand*, who has murder'd more Men in his Reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murder'd Tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon Cats Guts the Sun ever beheld. However, to give the Devil his due, I will say it before thy face and

behind thy back, that if thou hadst reign'd as many years as my gracious Master has done, and hadst had, instead of *Tigellinus* a *Jesuite* or two to have govern'd thy Conscience, thou mightst in all probability have made a much more magnificent Figure, and been inferiour to none but the mighty Monarch I have been talking of.

Having put my *Roman* Emperour to silence, I looked about me, and saw a pack of *Grammarians* (for so I guessed them to be by their impertinence and noise) disputing it very fiercely at the next Table. The matter in debate was, which was the most Heroical Age, and one of them, who valu'd himself very much upon his reading, maintain'd, that the Heroical Age properly so call'd, began with the *Theban* and ended with the *Trojan* War, in which compass of time that glorious Constellation of Heroes, *Hercules*, *Jason*, *Theseus*, *Tideus*, with *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, *Troilus* and *Diomedes* flourished; Men that had all signalliz'd themselves by their personal Gallantry and Valour. His next neighbour argu'd very fiercely for the Age wherein *Alexander* founded the *Grecian* Monarchy, and saw so many noble Generals and Commanders about him. The

Third

Third was as obſtreperous for that of *Julius Cæſar*, and manag'd his Argument with ſo much heat, that I expected every Minute when theſe Puppies wou'd have gone to Logger-heads in good earneſt. To put an end to your Controverſie, Gentlemen, ſays I to them, you may talk till your Lungs are founder'd, but this I poſitively aſſert, That the preſent age we live in is the moſt Heroical Age, and that my Maſter *Lewis le Grand* is the greateſt Heroe of it. Hark you me, Sir, how do you make that appear, cry'd the whole pack of them opening upon me all at once. By your leave, Gentlemen, anſwer'd I, two to one is odds at Foot-ball, but having a Hero's cauſe to defend, I find my ſelf poſſeſs'd with a Hero's Vigour and Reſolution, and don't doubt but I ſhall bring you over to my Party. That Age therefore is the moſt Heroical which is the boldeſt and braveſt. The Ancients, I grant you, Whor'd, and got Drunk, and cut Throats as well as we do, but, Gentlemen, they did not Sin upon the ſame Foot as we, nor had ſo many wicked diſcouragements to deter them. We Whore when we know 'tis ten to one but we get a Clap for our pains; whereas our Forefathers before the Siege of *Naples*

had no ſuch bleſſings to apprehend. We drink and murder one another in cold blood, at the ſame time we believe that we muſt be rewarded with Damnation; but your old Heroes had no notion at all, or at leaſt an imperfect one of a Future State. So 'tis a plain caſe, you ſee, that the Heroiſm lies on our ſide. To apply this then to my Royal Maſter, he has fill'd all Chriſtendom with Blood and Confuſion, he has broke through the moſt ſolemn Treaties ſworn at the Altar, he has ſtarv'd and undone infinite numbers of Poor Wretches, and all this for his own Glory and Ambition, when he's aſſur'd that Hell gapes every moment for him. Now tell me whether your *Jaſons*, your *Agamemnons*, or *Alexanders* durſt have ventur'd ſo heroically, or whether your pitiful Emperours of *Germany*, your Mechanick Kings of *England* and *Sweden*, or your lowſie States of *Holland* have courage enough to write after ſo illuſtrious a Copy.

Thus, Sir, you may ſee with what zeal I appear in your Majeſty's behalf, and that I omit no opportunity of magnifying your great exploits to the utmoſt of my poor abilities. At the ſame time I muſt freely own to you, that I have met with ſome rough-

rough-hewn ſawcy Raſcals, that have ſtopt me in my full career, when I have been expatiating upon your Praiſes, and have ſo dumb-founded me with their Villainous Objections, that I cou'd not tell how to reply to them.

Some few days ago it was my Fortune to affirm in a full Aſſembly, that ſince the days of *Charlemain*, *France* was never bleſt with ſo renown'd, ſo victorious, and ſo puiſſant a Prince as your Majeſty. You lame gouty Coxcomb, ſays a ſawcy Butter-box of a *Dutchman* to me, don't give your ſelf theſe Airs in our Company. *Lewis* the greateſt Prince that *France* ever had! why I tell thee, he has no more Title to that Crown than I have to the great *Mogul's*, and *Lewis* the Thirteenth was no more his Father than the Pope of *Rome* is thine. I bleſt my ſelf to hear the Fellow deliver this with ſo ſerious a Mein, when a Country-man of his taking up the Cudgels, 'Tis true, ſays he, your mighty Monarch has no right to the Throne he poſſeſſes. The late King had no hand in the begetting of him, but a luſty proper young Fellow, one *le Grand* by name, and an Apothecary by Profeſſion, was employ'd by Cardinal *Mazarine*, who had prepar'd the Queens

Conſcience for the taking of ſuch a Doſe, to ſtrike an Heir for *France* out of her Majeſty's Body: by the ſame token, that this Scarlet Agent of Hell, got him fairly poyſon'd as ſoon as he had done the work, for fear of telling Tales. If you ever read *Virgil*'s life written by *Donatus*, crys a third to me, you'll find that *Auguſtus* having rewarded that famous Poet for ſome little Services done him with a parcel of Loaves, had the curioſity once to enquire of him who he thought was his Father, to which queſtion of the Emperour, *Virgil* fairly anſwer'd, that he believ'd him to be a *Baker*'s Son, becauſe he ſtill paid him in a *Baker*'s Manufacture, *viz. Bread.* And thus were there no other proofs to confirm it, yet any one wou'd ſwear that *Lewis le Grand* is an Apothecary's Son, becauſe he has acted all his life time the part of an *Apothecary.*

Imprimis. He has given ſo many ſtrong *Purges* to his own Kingdom, that he has emptied it of half its People and Money; *Item.* He apply'd *Cauſtics* to *Genoa* and *Bruſſels*, when he bombarded both thoſe Cities; *Item*, He gave a damn'd *Clyſter* to the *Hollanders* with a witneſs, when he fell upon the rear of their Provinces in the year 72. *Item*, He lull'd King *Charles* the Second

Second asleep with Female *Opiates*; *Item*, He forced Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh to swallow the unpalatable Draught of the *Franchises*; *Item*, He administred a restorative *Cordial* to *Mahumetanism*, when he enter'd into an Alliance with the *Great Turk* against the Emperour; *Item*, He wou'd have bubbled the Prince of *Orange* with the gilded *Pill* of Sovereignty, but his *little Cousin* was wiser than to take it; and lastly, If he had restor'd King *James* to his Crown again, he wou'd have brought the People of *England* a most conscientious *Apothecaries* Bill for his waiting and attending. In short, Shake this mighty Monarch in a bag, turn him this way, and that way, and t'other way, *sursum*, *deorsum*, *quaquaversum*, I'll engage you'll find him nothing but a meer *Apothecary*, and I hope the Emperour and King of *England* will play the *Apothecary* too in their turn, and make him *vomit* up all those Provinces and Kingdoms he has so unrighteously usurp'd. Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* has work'd him pretty well this last Summer, and 'tis an infallible Prognostic that he's reduced to the last extremities, when his Spiritual Physicians apply Pigeons to the Soles of his Feet, I mean Prayers and Masses, and advise

him to reconcile himſelf to that Heaven he has ſo often affronted with his moſt execrable Perjuries.

'Tis impoſſible for me to tell your Majeſty what a ſurprize I was in to hear this graceleſs *Netherlander* blaſpheme your glorious name after this inſufferable rate. But to ſee how one Perſecution treads upon the heels of another! I was hardly recovered out of my aſtoniſhment, when a Son of a Whore of a *German*, advancing towards me, was pleas'd to explain himſelf as follows.

You keep a pother and a noiſe here about your *mighty Monarch*, ſays he to me, but what has this *mighty Monarch*, and be damn'd to you, done to merit any body's good word? I ſay, what one generous noble exploit has he been guilty of in his whole Reign, as long as it is, to deſerve ſo much Incenſe and Flattery, ſo many Statues and Triumphal Arches, which a pack of mercenary, nauſeous, fulſome Slaves have beſtow'd upon him? For my part, continues he, when I firſt heard his Hiſtorians and Poets, his Prieſts and Courtiers talk ſuch wonderful things of him, I fanſied that another *Cyrus* or *Alexander* had appear'd upon the Stage, but when I obſerved

obſerved him more narrowly, and by a truer Light, I found this *Immortal Man*, as his *Inſcriptions* vainly ſtile him, to be a little, tricking, pilfering *Fripon*, that watch'd the critical minute of ſtealing Towns, as nicely, as your Rogues of an inferior Sphere do that of nimming Cloaks; and tho he had the faireſt opportunity of erecting a new *Weſtern* Monarchy that ever any Prince cou'd boaſt of, ſince the declenſion of the *Roman* Empire, yet to his eternal diſgrace be it ſaid, no Man cou'd have made a worſe uſe of all thoſe wonderful advantages that Fortune, and the ſtupid ſecurity of his Neighbours conſpir'd to put into his hands. To convince you of the truth of this, let us only conſider what poſture the affairs of *France* were in at his acceſſion to that Crown, and ſeveral years after, as likewiſe how all the neighbouring Princes and States about him ſtood affected: To begin then with the former, he found himſelf Maſter of the beſt diſciplin'd Troops in the Univerſe, commanded by the moſt experienc'd Generals that any one Age had produc'd, and Spirited by a long train of Victories over a careleſs, deſponding, lazy Enemy. All the great Men of his Kingdom ſo depreſſed and humbled by the fortunate

artifi-

artifices of *Richelieu* and *Mazarine* that they were not capable of giving him any uneasiness at home, the sole power of raising Money intirely in his own hands, and his Parliaments so far from giving a check to his daily incroachments upon their Liberties, that they were made the most effectual Instruments of his Tyranny: In short, His Clergy as much devoted, and the whole body of his People as subservient to him as a Prince cou'd wish. As for his Neighbours, he who was best able of any, to put a stop to his growing greatness, I mean the King of *England*, either favour'd his designs Clandestinely, or was so enervated by his Pleasures, that provided he cou'd enjoy an inglorious Effeminacy at home, he seem'd not to lay much to heart what became of the rest of *Christendom*. The *Emperour* was composing Anthems for his Chappel at *Vienna*, when he shou'd have appear'd at the head of his Troops upon the *Rhine*. The Princes of *Germany* were either divided from the common Interest by the underhand management of *France*, or not at all concern'd at the impending Storm that threatned them. The *Hollanders* within an Ace of losing their Liberty by the preposterous care they took to secure

ſecure it, I mean, by diveſting that Family of all power in their Government, which as it had formerly erected their Republick, ſo now was the only one that cou'd help to protect it. The little States and Principalites of *Italy*, looking on at a diſtance, and not daring to declare themſelves in ſo critical a Conjuncture, when the Two Keys of their Countrey *Pignerol* and *Caſal* hung at the girdle of *France*. In ſhort, the diſpeopled Monarchy of *Spain* govern'd by a ſoft unactive Prince, equally unfit for the Cabinet and the Field; his Counſellors, who manag'd all under him, taking no care to lay up Magazines, and put their Towns in a poſture of defence, but wholly relying, as for that, upon their Neighbours; like ſome inconſiderate ſpend-thrift thrown into a Jayl by his Creditors, that ſmokes and drinks and talks merrily all the while, but never advances one ſtep to make his Circumſtances eaſie to him, leaving the burthen of that affair to his Friends and Relations, whom perhaps he never oblig'd ſo far in his proſperity, as to deſerve it from their hands.

Here now, ſays he, was the faireſt opportunity that ever preſented it ſelf for a Prince of Gallantry and Reſolution, for a

Tam-

Tamberlane and a *Scanderbeg* to have done something eminently signal in his generation; and if in the last Century, a little King of *Sweden* with a handful of Men cou'd force his way from the *Baltic* to the *Rhine*, and fill all *Germany* with Terrour and Consternation, what might we not have expected from a powerful King of *France*, in the flower of his Youth, and at the head of Two Hundred Thousand Effective Men, especially when there was no visible Power to oppose him? But this wonderful Monarch of yours, instead of carrying his Arms beyond the *Danube* and performing any one Action worthy for his Historians to record in the Annals of his Reign, has humbly contented himself now and then in the beginning of the Year, when he knew his Neighbours were unprepared for such a visit, to invest some little Market-Town in *Flanders* with his invincible Troops, and when a parcel of silly implicit Fools had done the business for him, then forsooth he must appear at the head of his Court-Harlots and Minstrels, and make a magnificent entry through the Breach. And after this ridiculous piece of Pageantry is over, return back again to *Versailles* with the same Equipage, order new

new Medals, Opera's, and Sonnets to be made upon the occasion; and what ought by no means to be omitted, our most trusty and well-beloved Counsellor and Cousin the Archbishop of *Paris*, must immediately have a Letter sent him to repair forthwith at the head of his Ecclesiastick *Myrmidons* to *Nôtredame*, and there to thank God for the success of an infamous Robbery, which an honest moral *Pagan* wou'd have blush'd at. So that when the next fit of his *Fistula in Ano* shall send this Immortal Town-stealer, this Divine Village-lifter, this Heroic Pilferer of poor Hamlets and their Dependencies, down to these subterranean Dominions; don't imagine that he'll be allow'd to keep company with the *Pharamonds* and *Charlemaign's* of *France*, the *Edwards* and *Henries* of *England*, the *Williams* of the *Nassovian* Family, or the *Alexanders* and *Cæsars* of *Greece* and *Rome*. No, should he have the impudence to shew his head among that Illustrious Assembly; they wou'd soon order their Footmen to drub him into better manners: Neither, crys a surly *Englishman* clapping his sides, and interrupting him, must he expect the favour to appear even among our Holiday-Heroes and Custard-stormers of *Cheapside*,

side, those merry Burlesquers of the Art Military in *Finsbury Fields*, who poor Creatures never meant the destruction of any mortal thing but transitory Roast-beef and Capon. No, Friend says he, *Lewis le Grand* must expect to take up his habitation in the most infamous Quarter of Hell, among a parcel of House-breakers and Shop-lifters, Rogues burnt in the Cheek for Petty-larceny and Burglary, Brethren of the Moon, Gentlemen of the Horn-thumb, Pillagers of Hedges and Hen-roosts, Conveyers of Silver Spoons, and Chamlet-Cloaks, and such like enterprising Heroes, whose famous Actions are faithfully register'd in our Sessions Paper, and dying Speeches transmitted to Posterity by the Ordinary of *Newgate*; a much more impartial Historian than your *Pelissons* and *Boileau's*. However, as I was inform'd last week by an understrapper at Court, *Pluto* in consideration of the singular services your Royal Master has done him, will allow him a brace of *Fidlers* to scrape and sing to him where ever he goes, since he takes such a delight to hear his own Praises.

I must confess, says another leering Rogue, a Countrey man of his, that since

ſince the *Grand Monarch* we have been ſpeaking of, who has all along done more by his Bribing and Tricking than by the Conduct of his Generals or the Bravery of his Troops, who has play'd at faſt and looſe with his Neighbours ever ſince he came to the Crown, who has ſurpriſed abundance of Towns in his time, and at the next Treaty been forced to ſpue up thoſe very places he ordered *Te Deums* to be ſung for a few Months before: I muſt confeſs, ſays he, That ſince in conjunction with a damn'd Mercenary Prieſt he has forg'd a Will for his Brother in Law of *Spain*, and plac'd his Grandſon upon that Throne, I ſhould think the reſt of Chriſtendom in a very bad condition indeed, if he ſhould be ſuffered to go on quietly with his Show a few years more. Then for all I know, he might bid fair to ſet up a new Empire in the Weſt, which he has been aiming at ſo long. But if the laſt Advices from the other World don't deceive us, if the Parliament of *England* goes on as unanimouſly, as they have begun, to ſupport their Prince in ſo pious and neceſſary a War; in ſhort, if the *Emperour*, the *Dutch* and the other *Allies*, act with that Vigour and Reſolution as it becomes them upon

this

this preſſing occaſion, I make no queſtion to ſee this mighty Heroe plunder'd, like the *Jay* in the Fable, of all the fine Plumes he has borrow'd, and reduc'd to ſo low an ebb, that he ſhall not find it in his Power, tho he has it never ſo much in his Will, to diſturb the Peace of the *Chriſtian* World any more. And this, continues he, is as favourable an opportunity as we cou'd deſire, to ſtrip him of all his Uſurpations, for Heaven be praiſed, *Spain* at preſent is a burthen to him, and by graſping at too much, he's in a fair way to loſe every Farthing. Beſides this late Forgery of the Will has pluck'd off his old Mask, and ſhews that 'tis an Univerſal Monarchy he intends, and not the repoſe of *Europe*, which has been ſo fortunate a ſham to him in all his other Treaties; ſo that the Devil's in the Allies now if they don't ſee through thoſe thin Pretences he ſo often bubbled them with formerly, or lay down their Arms till they have made this *French* Buſtard, who is all Feathers and no ſubſtance, as bare and naked as a *Skeleton*, and effectually ſpoil his new Trade of making Wills for other People. And this they may eaſily bring about, continues he, if they lay hold on the preſent opportunity, for

for, as I obſerved to you before, he has taken more buſineſs upon his hands than he'll ever be able to manage, and by graſping at too much, is in the direct road to loſe all. For my part, I never think of him but he puts me in mind of a ſilly fooliſh Fellow I knew once in *London*, who was a common Knife-grinder about the ſtreets, and having in this humble occupation gather'd a few ſtragling Pence, muſt needs take a great Houſe in *Fleetſtreet*, and ſet up for a Sword-Cutler: but before Quarter-day came, finding the Rent too bulky for him, he very fairly rubb'd off with all his Effects, and left his Landlord the Key under the Door. Without pretending to the Spirit of *Noſtradamus* or *Lilly*, this, I foreſee, will be the Fate of *Lewis le Grand*; therefore when you write next to your glorious Monarch, pray give my reſpects to him, and bid him remember the ſad deſtiny of the poor Knife-grinder of *London*.

Thus, you ſee, Sir, how I am daily plagu'd and harraſs'd by a parcel of brawny impudent Raskals, and all for eſpouſing your quarrel and crying up the Juſtice of your Arms. For *Pluto*'s ſake let me conjure your Majeſty to lay your Commands upon *Boileau*, *Racine*, or any of your Panegyriſts to

instruct me how I may stop the Mouths of these impertinent Babblers for the future, who make Hell ten times more insupportable to me than otherwise it would be, and threaten to toss me in a Blanket the next time I come unprovided for your defence into their Company. In the mean time humbly desiring your Majesty to present my Love to the *quondam* Wife of my bosom, I mean the virtuous Madam *Maintenon*, who in conjunction with your most Christian Majesty now governs all *France*, and put her in mind of sending me a dozen New-Shirts by the next Pacquet, I remain,

Your Majesty's most Obedient, and most obliged Subject and Servant,

Scaron.

HANNIBAL

HANNIBAL

To the Victorious

Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*.

By the same Hand.

'TWas with infinite satisfaction that I received the news of the happy success of your Arms in *Italy*. My worthy Friend *Scipio* (for so I may justly call him since we have dropt our old Animosities, and now live amicably together) is eternally talking of your Conduct and Bravery; Nay, *Alexander* the Great, who can hardly bear any Competitor in the point of Glory, has freely confessed that your Gallantry in passing the *Po* and the *Adige* in the face of so powerful an Enemy, falls not short of what he himself formerly shew'd upon the Banks of the *Granicus*. For my part I have a thousand obligations to you: my march over the *Alpes*, upon which I may deservedly value my self, was look'd upon here to be fabulous, till your late

Expedition over those rugged Mountains confirm'd the belief of it. Thus neither Hills nor Rivers can stop the progress of your Victories, and 'tis you who have found out the lucky secret how to baffle the circumspect gravity of the *Spaniards*, and repress the furious impetuosity of the *French*. His *Gallic* Majesty, who minds keeping of his word as little, as that Mercenary Republic of Tradesmen whom it was my misfortune to serve, will find to his cost, that all the Laurels he has been so long a plundering, will at last fall to your Excellencies share, and that he has been labouring Forty Years together to no other purpose than to enrich you with the spoils of his former Triumphs. Go on therefore in the same glorious Track as you have begun, and be assured, that the good wishes of all the Great and Illustrious Persons now resident in this lower World attend you in all your enterprises: As nothing can be a greater pleasure to Virtuous Men than to see Villains rewarded acording to their deserts, so true Heroes never rejoyce more than when they see a Sham-Conquerour, and vain-glorious Bully, such as *Lewis* the XIV*th*. plunder'd of all his unjust acquisitions, and reduced

to

to his Primitive State of nothing. Were there a free Communication between our Territories and yours, *Cyrus*, *Miltiades*, *Cæsar*, and a Thousand other Generals wou'd be proud to offer you their Service the next Campaign, but 'tis your happiness that you want not their assistance; your own personal Bravery joyn'd to that of your Troops, and the Justice of your Cause being sufficient to carry you through all your undertakings.

Farewel.

PINDAR of Thebes TO Tom D——y.

By the same Hand.

HOwever it happen'd so, I can't tell, but I cou'd never get a sight of thy famous *Pindaric* upon the late Queen *Mary*, till about a Month ago. Most of the Company wou'd needs have me declare open War against thee that very Minute, for

prophaning my name with such execrable Doggrel. *Stesichorus* railed at thee worse than the Man of the *Horse-shoe Tavern* in *Drury-lane*; *Alcæus*, I believe will hardly be his own Man again this Fortnight, so much concern'd he is to find thee crowding thy self among the *Lyric* Poets: Nay, *Sappho* the patient laid about her like a Fury, and call'd thee a thousand pimping stuttering Ballad-singers. As for me, far from taking any thing amiss at thy hands, I am mighrily pleased with the honour thou hast done me, and besides must own thou hast been the cheapest, kindest Physician to me I ever met with; for whenever my Circumstances sit uneasie upon me (and for thy comfort *Tom*, we Poets have our Plagues in this World, as well as we had in yours) when my Landlord persecutes me for Rent, my Sempstress for Linen, my Tayler for Clothes, or my Vintner for a long Pagan Score behind the Bar; I immediately read but half a dozen lines of thy admirable Ode and sleep as heartily as the Monks in *Rabelais* after singing a Verse or two of the Seven Penitential *Psalms*. All I am afraid of, is, That when the Virtues of it are known, some body or other will be perpetually borrowing it of me, either to help

him

him to a Nap, or cure him of the Spleen, for I find 'tis an excellent Specific for both: Therefore I must desire thee to order trusty *Sam.* to send me as many of them as have escaped the Pastry-Cook, and I will remit him his Money by the next opportunity. If *Augustus Cæsar* thought a *Roman* Gentleman's Pillow worth the buying, who slept soundly every Night amidst all his Debts, can any man blame me for bestowing a few transitory Pence upon thy Poem, which is the best Opiate in the Universe? In short, Friend *Tom*, I love and admire thee for the freedom thou hast taken with me, and this I will say in thy Commendation, that thou hast in this respect done more than even *Alexander* the great durst do. That mighty Conqueror upon the taking of *Thebes* spared all of my Family, nay the very House I liv'd in: but Thou, who hast a Genius Superiour to him, hast not spared me even in what I value most, my Versification and good Name, for which *Apollo* in due time reward thee.

Farewel,

THESE

LETTERS

FOLLOWING

Were Tranſlated out of *French*

BY

Capt *BARKER*,

The VERSE by

Mr *THO. BROWN*.

THESE

LETTERS

FOLLOWING

Were Translated out of French

BY

Cap. BARKER

IN VERSE

Mr. FOX. BROKEN

ANTIOCHUS
TO
LEWIS the XIVth.

Dear Brother,

YOU will be surprised, I know, to receive this Letter from a stranger, and of all the damn'd, perhaps, I am the only Man from whom you least of all expected any News; because I have always pass'd for so impious and cruel a Prince, and my Name has given People such horrible Idea's of me, that they think me insensible of Pity, as having never practised any in my Life time.

When I sat upon the Throne of *Syria*, having no more Religion than your most *Christian* Majesty, I stifled all the dictates of my Conscience, pillag'd the Temple of the *Jews*, carous'd with their Blood, and running from one Crime to another, drew infinite Desolations every where after me. But after I had exercis'd my Tyranny on the Innocent

nocent Posterity of several great Kings, and left a thousand Monuments of my Barbarity, I found to my sorrow, that I was Mortal, and oblig'd to submit to that Fate whose attacks feeble Nature cannot resist. I then fell into an Abyss which is inlightn'd only by those flames which will for ever roast such Monsters as we; and where I was loaded with much heavier Irons than any I had plagu'd poor Mortals with above. To bid me welcome into this place of Horror, and refresh me after my Voyage, I I was plung'd into a Bath of Fire and Brimstone, cup'd by a Master Devil, rub'd, scrub'd, *&c.* by a parcel of smoaking grining Hob-goblins, and afterwards presented with a Musical Entertainment of Groans, howling and gnashing of Teeth. I soon began to play my part in this hideous Consort, where Despair beat the Measure; and because my Pains were infinitely greater than those of others, I immediately ask'd the Reason of my Torments, and was told it was for having hindred the peopling of Hell, by the multitude of Martyrs my long Persecutions had made; and of which you cannot be ignorant if you delight in useful reading. Since I have been in this Empire of Sorrow, where I found the * *Pharaohs*, *Ahabs*, *Jezebels*,

* *Persecutors of Israel.*

bels, *Athaliahs*, *Nebuchadnezzars*, *&c.* and where I have seen arrive the *Neroes*, *Diocleſians*, *Decii*, * *Philips of Auſtria*, ‖ *Charles of Valois*; whoſe names wou'd fill a Volume; The Recruits of *Loyola* arrive every day in ſearch of their Captain, but in ſome confuſion for fear of meeting *Clement* and *Ravaillac*, who never ceaſe curſing 'em. Your Apartment, *moſt Chriſtian Hero*, has been ſome Fifty Years a Airing, but now they redouble their care, your coming being daily expected; I give you timely notice of it that you may take your meaſures accordingly. Perhaps you'll be offended at this familiarity, and tell me no Man can deſerve Hell for fighting againſt Hereticks under the command of an *infallible General*; but if you knew the preſent State of thoſe *Miter'd Leaders*, it wou'd not a little terrifie you. *Lucifer* has turn'd them into ſeveral ſhapes, and peopl'd his back-yard with them; the Place 'tis true, is not ſo delightful as your *Menagerie* and *Trianon* at *Verſailles*, but much excells it in variety and number of Monſters. Your Cell is in the ſame Yard, that you may be near your good Friends, who advis'd you to make the Habitation of the ſhades a Deſart; for which the *Prince of Darkneſs* hates you mortally, and deſigns you ſomething worſe than

* *Kings of* Spain.
‖ *Author of* St. Bartholomew's.

than a *Fistula*, or the *Bull of Phalaris*. Your ingenious Emissaries *Marillac*, *la Rapine*, and *la Chaise* will meet in the Squadrons of *Pluto* with more invenom'd *Dragoons* than those they let loose against their poor Countrymen in *France*: 'Twill be their imployment to keep his *Menagerie* clean; whose stench wou'd otherwise poison the rest of Hell. That Renegado *Pelisson* too makes so odious a Figure here that he frights the boldest of our Jaylors; and his Eyes red with crying for his Sins, which were so much the greater because they were voluntary, make him asham'd to look any one in the Face. Our Learned think him profoundly ignorant; yet you must be the *Trajan* of that *Pliny*, for he's now writing your History in such a terrible manner, that it will but little resemble that which your Pensionary Wits are composing. The Voyage having made him lose some part of his Memory and forget the particulars of your Virtues; he will therefore take me for his Model and draw my Life under your Name. Tho your dear * *Dulcinea*, whose head he dresses like a Girls, at the Age of Threescore and Ten makes the Court of *Proserpine* rejoyce before hand; yet the deformed || Author of the *Comical Romance* cannot laugh as facetious

* Madam *Maintenon.*

|| *Scaron.*

as

as he is. I will tell you no more, because some may think I give this Counsel out of private Interest; for having been always ambitious, it wou'd doubtless grieve me to see a more wicked and cruel Tyrant than my self; but on the Faith and Word of one that endures the sharpest of Torments, 'tis pure compassion. *I am Yours, &c.*

LEWIS the 14th's *Answer.*

I Just now receiv'd yours by a Courier, who, had he not been too nimble for me, had been rewarded according to his deserts for his impudent message. But are you such a Coxcomb as to imagine that the most ambitious Monarch upon Earth, whose Power puts all the Princes and States of *Europe* into Convulsions, can be frighted at the threats of a wretch condemn'd to everlasting Punishments? The Insolence of your Comparison, I must confess, threw me into a Rage; and not reflecting at first on the impossibility of the thing, I sent immediately for *Boufflers* to Dragoon you. But, Villain! because your Malice has been rampant for so many Ages, must you now level it at the eldest Son of the Church, whom the godly

Jesuits

Jesuits have already Canoniz'd? I am not so ignorant of the History of *Asia*, tho I never read any of the Books of the *Maccabees*, but I know you were both Judge and Executioner, and that there is not in the Universe one Monument consecrated to your Glory. Thanks to the careful *Jesuits*, *la Place des Victoirs*, is a sufficient proof that my Reputation is no *Chimera*, and my Name, which is to be seen in Golden Characters over several Monasteries, assures me of a glorious Immortality. 'Tis true, to keep in favour with the Church, I have compell'd a handful of obstinate Fools to leave their Countrey and Estates, by forcing them to renounce their God and implicitly take up with mine. Therefore the World has no reason to make such a noise about it. Are you mad to call *Pelisson*, who has read more Volumes than a *Rabbi*, and cou'd give Lessons of Hypocrisie to the most exquisit Sect of the *Pharisees*, a Blockhead? Your Torments are so great you know not on whom to spit your Venom, and my poor * Mistriss forsooth, must suffer from your Malice, Is she the worse for being born in the Reign of my Grandfather? Pray ask *Boileau*, whose sincerity has cost him many a Tear, what he thinks of her. All the World knows her Virtues, and that she's

* *Maintenon.*

ſhe's grown gray in the School of Diſſimulation and Lewdneſs, which have render'd her ſo charming in the feats of Love, that ſhe pleaſes me more than the youngeſt Beauty; therefore are her Wrinkles the Objects of my wonder and the Provocatives of my enervated Limbs, inſtead of being Antidotes; and I wou'd not give a Saint a Wax-candle to make her younger. Tho I'm ſeiz'd by a Cancer on the Shoulder, yet I am under no apprehenſions; for I have given a Fee to St. *Daunen*, who will cure me of it, as well as of that nauſeous Malady of *Naples*: and I have Plenipotentiaries now bribing Heaven for its Friendſhip, and a new Term of Years. Therefore 'tis in vain for *Lucifer* or you ever to expect me; and when I muſt leave this Terreſtrial *Paradiſe*, 'twill be with ſuch a Convoy of *Maſſes* as will hurry me by the very Gate of *Purgatory* without touching there. In the mean time, correct your ſawcy Liberty, and let a *Monarch*, who wou'd ſcorn to entertain ſuch a pitiful Wretch as thou art for his *Pimp*, ſtill huff the World, and ſleep quietly in his *Seraglio*.

LEWIS R.

Verſailles, 14. *July*.

CATHARINE de Medicis

To the Dutchess of

ORLEANS.

Madam,

I Have long bewail'd your Condition, and tho I am in a Place of Horror, yet I should think my self in some measure happy, if I knew how to deliver you from those Anxieties which torment you. We have some body or other arrives here daily from *Versailles*, and as my curiosity inclines me to enquire after your Highness, I have received so advantageous a Character of your Goodness, from all hands, that I think every one ought to pity you. Your Life, Madam, has been very unhappy, for you were married very young to a jealous, ill-natur'd Prince, who had no love for you; tho no person in the world was fitter either to inspire or receive it than your self: However you have had better luck than his former Wife, which I take to be owing to your own Prudence, and not his Generosity. The Desolations of the *Palatinate*, and Persecution of a Religion you once approv'd, must

must infallibly have given you many uneasie moments, but your misfortunes did not stop here, for even your domestick Pleasures have been poison'd by the Dishonour and Injustice of the Court you live in. In short, tho I was very unfortunate; yet I think you much more worthy of Compassion: When I marry'd *Henry* 2*d.* I was both Young and Handsome, yet his doting on the haughty Dutchess of *Valentinois*, who was a Grandmother before *Francis* the 2*d.* was born, made me pass many melancholy Nights. Notwithstanding the Injustice as well as Cruelty of keeping a sawcy Strumpet under my Nose, yet with the Veil of Prudence and Religion, I easily cover'd my Inclinations; because the pious *Cardinal of Lorrain*, who had an admirable Talent to comfort an afflicted Heart, commiserating my condition gave me wonderful Consolation. As the refreshing Cordials of the Church soon made me forget the King's ill usage of me; so Madam, it is not so much the Infidelity of your Husband, as the cruel Constraint and Jealousie that makes me think your Life to be miserable; for how great soever your occasions are, you dare not I know accept of those Assistances I daily receiv'd from a plump agreeable *Prelate*,

and I am heartily sorry for it. To divert this discourse, which may perhaps aggravate your uneasiness, by renewing your necessities, you'll tell me, I suppose, that I shou'd have had as much Compassion when *France* was dyed with the Blood of so many Thousand Victims, and that I might easily have moderated the Fury of my Son, and of the House of *Guise*; but besides, you must consider, I was a zealous Papist; and they, you know, think the cutting of poor Hereticks Throats is doing Heaven good Service; so that I beheld the dreadful Massacre of St. *Bartholomew* with as much satisfaction as ever I did the most glorious and solemn Festival. I am not for it at present, Madam, and cou'd I have been so sooner it would have been much more for my ease. All my comfort is, that I am not my self in a strange unknown Countrey; for the *old Dutchess*, who robb'd me of my due Benevolence in the other World, continually follows me to upbraid me; the *Guises* rave, brandishing bloody Daggers in their hands; and every hour I meet with numbers of my former Acquaintance and nearest Relations; but I avoid their Company as much as I can for the love of my dear *Cardinal*, who continues as great a Gallant as ever. I ask

no

no Masses of you, for the Dead are not a Farthing the better for them. But Madam, since all the World has not so good an opinion of me as *Brantome*, let me conjure you not to let my Memory be too much insulted. Some may say I was as cunning as *Livia*, that I was even with my Husband, and govern'd my Children; but their Fate did not answer my Care; for *Francis* liv'd but a little time, *Elizabeth* found her Tomb in the Arms of a jealous Husband, the Queen of *Navarre* was a wandring Star, *Charles*, a Cautious Coxcomb that sacrific'd all to his safety, and *Henry*, on whom I had founded all my hopes, a dissolute Debauchee whom the Justice of Heaven could not spare. You know his History, and if you shou'd see a Tragedy of the like nature acted on your Stage, let your Constancy, which makes you respected even in Hell. Let old * *Messalina* enjoy the infamous Honour of the Royal Bed; you need not blush at it, since all the World esteems you as much as they.

* *Madam* Maintenon.

THE ANSWER

Of the Dutchess of *Orleans* to *CATHARINE de Medicis.*

'TIS with much reason you pity me, and tho I have said nothing all this while, yet I have not thought the less. If the practice of our Court did not teach me to dissemble, I should give my self some ease by imparting many things to you which wou'd fill you with Horror; and then you wou'd find that the Cruelties of your Sons, were Trifles in comparison of these. The most impartial Censurers of Barbarity, maintain that the Massacre of S. *Bartholomew* was milder than the present Persecution of the Protestants: Ambition was the chiefest motive of the *Guises*; but now their Cruelties are cover'd with the Cloak of Religion; for the virtuous Favourite * *Sultaness*, with the pious ‖ *Mufti* in waiting, are resolv'd to cause the Christians to be more cruelly persecuted than they are at *Algiers*, and the *Roman Church* is resolv'd at

* *Madam* Maintenon
‖ *Father* la Chaise.

at any rate to merit the name of the blood-thirsty Beast. They value not exposing the Reputation of Princes; I blush for my Race, and am often oblig'd to swallow my Tears. I believe the efficacy of Masses no more than you, therefore I will not offer you any. I am very glad to hear the *Cardinal of Lorrain* proves so constant; For a Prelate of his Talent and Constitution must certainly be a great Consolation to a distressed Princess. *Brantome* who has so much flatter'd you, may do it again; and tho *Sancy* has been too sincere, yet he dares not contradict him in your Presence. I hope to see the Ruines of my Countrey rais'd up again; for tho our ambitious Monarch huffs and hectors all Christendom, yet his Game to me seems very desperate, and I believe he'll prove the Dog in the Fable; since he has so depopulated and impoverish'd his Dominions by Persecutions, that those pious Drones the *Monks* only can support the Churches Grandeur in their Faces with three-story Chins; the rest of his People being reduc'd to wooden Shooes and Garlick. Tho our *Gazettes* are little better than Romances; yet they will serve to divert you and your *Cardinal* when not better imploy'd; and I wish I

cou'd ſend them to you weekly. 'Tis true, great numbers ſet out daily from hence, for your Countrey, and among them, People of the beſt Quality, but I carefully avoid all Commerce with them; and tho I have a wonderful eſteem for you, take it not amiſs, Madam, if I endeavour never to ſee you.

Cardinal *MAZARINE*

To the Marquis *De Barbeſieux.*

I AM ſurpriz'd to think you have profited ſo little by your Father's Example. As great a Beaſt as he was, he govern'd himſelf better than you; for contenting himſelf with pillaging all *France* according to our Maxims, he never attempted the Life of any Man, nor ever ſet any * *Ravaillac*'s to work. Is it not a horrible thing to ſee the ‖ Servant of a Miniſter of State ſuffer upon a wheel, and publiſh the ſhame of him that ſet him to work? You were mightily miſtaken in the choice of your Villain; for whenever you have a King

* *The Murderer of* Henry 4*th.*

‖ Grand-Val *hang'd in* Flanders *for attempting to kill* K. W.

King to diſpatch, you muſt employ a *Jeſuit*, or ſome Novice inſpir'd by their *Religious Society*; and had you been ſo wiſe, the * Prince you had a Plot againſt, wou'd not be now in the way to hinder the deſigns of ‖ a King, for whom I have the tenderneſs of a Father, who was always under my ſubjection, and wou'd have married my Niece if I had pleas'd. I fell into a cold Sweat even in the midſt of my Fire and Brimſtone, at the News of your Conſpiracy, becauſe it ſo ſeverely reflected on his Reputation. Ought you to have expos'd his Credit in ſo dubious an enterprize? Is it not ſufficient that Poets ſet him upon * *Mont Pagnotte*, whilſt other Princes give glorious Examples at the Head of their Troops; that they reproach him with Inceſt, Sodomy, Adultery, and an unbridled Paſſion for the Relict of a poor ‖ Poet, who is a Turn-ſpit here below, and who had nothing to keep him from ſtarving when upon Earth, but the Penſion, which the Charity of *Ann of Auſtria* granted to his Infirmities, rather than his Works, tho very diverting? What was your aim in this cowardly deſign? wou'd you have more Servants, and more Whores? Or, ought you to effect that, to revive those

* *King* William.

‖ Lewis *the* 14*th*.

* *A place out of the reach of Cannon.*

‖ Scaron.

thoſe Scenes of Cruelty and Treachery, which we baniſh'd after the death of the moſt Eminent *Cardinal Richelieu?* All the Wealth you can raiſe will never amount to the Treaſures I was Maſter of. And how much is there now left? Ask the Duke of *Mazarine*, and my Nephew of *Nevers*; one has been the Bubble of the Prieſts; and the other of his Pleaſures; ſo that the Children of the firſt will hardly ſhare one year of my Revenue. His Wife for ſeveral years was no charge to him; ſhe, for her Beauty, being kept by ſtrangers; whilſt he fool'd away thoſe vaſt Riches he had by her. In ſhort, you ſee the praying Coxcomb I made choice of, which I muſt confeſs I did when I was in my Cups, has through his Zeal and Bigottry ruin'd all, even my moſt beautiful Statues; and that there is a curſe entail'd upon ſuch Eſtates, as begin with a Miracle, and end with a Prodigy. I was born at *Mazare* without any other advantage than that of my Beauty; but as a young Fellow can ſcarce deſire a better Portion than that in *Italy*; ſo it mov'd *Cardinal Anthony* to lead me lovingly from his Chamber into his Cloſet, where on a ſoft eaſie Couch he preach'd to me Morals after the

Italian

Italian fashion; by which, and some other virtuous Actions of the same stamp, I became the richest Favourite in the Universe. You may as well as I heap a mighty Treasure and lose it as foolishly. Do not be guilty then of Murder for things so uncertain in the possession. Poor *Louvois*, who left you all, who drank more than *Alexander*, and thiev'd better than *Colbert* or *I*, has not now Water to quench his thirst. You will undoubtedly meet the same Destiny; for this is the Residence of Traytors, Murderers, Thieves, and all other notorious Villains. 'Tis not altogether so pleasant a place this, as * *Meudon* and *Chaville*; for we drink nothing but *Aqua-fortis* and eat burning Charcoal; all Happiness is banish'd, Misery only triumphs; and notwithstanding all those lying stories the Priests may tell you, yet you'll be strangely surpris'd when you come to judge of it by your own Experience.

* *Great Houses near Paris.*

THE

THE ANSWER

Of Monsieur le Marquis de Barbesieux *to*

Cardinal *MAZARINE*.

YOur Eminence, I find, is in a great Passion, because my Father did not get an Estate in your Service; must you therefore abuse him and turn that as a Crime upon me, which has been practis'd ever since there have been Kings in the World? If your Talent only lay in pillaging and plundering, must it therefore prescribe to mine? and do you think the Glory of taking away by Dagger, or Poison, the Enemies of ones Prince deserves less immortality than that of ruining his Subjects? You have I confess very meritoriously eterniz'd your name by that method, for which reason you ought in Conscience to allow me the liberty to find out another. You are much in the wrong on't to complain of the Duke of *Mazarine*, who did you the honour to think you were only in Purgatory, and lavish'd your Trea-

Treasures upon Bigots, in hopes to pray you out of it. If he in a holy fit of Zeal dismember'd your fine Statues, which perhaps too often recall'd to your Memory the pious Sermons of *Cardinal Anthony*, he is severely punish'd in a Libel made against him in Vindication of your Beauteous Niece. If that Satyr reaches your Regions below, you'll soon be convinced what a Coxcomb you were when you chose the worst of Men to couple with the most charming of Women. This with several other passages of your Life, makes me not much wonder at your condemning me by your *Cardinals* Authority to drink *Aqua-fortis*, and eat burning Charcoal: it may perhaps be a proper Diet for Epicurean *Cardinals* and *Italians*, who love hot Liquors and high-season'd Ragoos; but the Lords of *Chaville* and *Meudon* desire other Entertainments. How do you know, I beseech you, but I may take the Cell of the young *Marquis D'Ancre* at * *Mont Valerien*, there by a long Penitence to purge me of those sins you say I have committed? Therefore if you reckon me in the number of those Reprobates doom'd to people the Infernal Shades, time will at last make it appear that your Eminence has reckon'd without your Host.

* *Hermitage near* Paris.

MARY

MARY of England
TO THE
POPE.

Most Holy Father,

THE malignant Planet that govern'd at my Birth, so influenc'd all the Faculties of my Soul, that I was the most outrageous and barbarous Princess that till that time mounted the *English* Throne; and as it is no extraordinary thing to continue in the same temper; in a countrey inhabited only with Tyrants and the Butchers of their Subjects; so you ought not to be surpris'd if I am not now dispossess'd of it. I had not long troubled the World before my * Mother was divorc'd, and I my self declar'd incapable of succeeding *Henry the 8th. Ann of Bulloin* was then brought to the Royal Bed, and what was worse, with her was introduc'd a Religion, so conformable to the Laws of God, that it never suited with my Inclinations. The proud Rival of *Catharine* was afterwards sacrific'd to the inconstancy of her voluptu-

* *Queen* Catharine *of* Spain.

ous

ous Husband; but that insipid Religion, to my Grief, was not confounded with her; for the young and simple *Edward* countenanc'd it during his Reign. But then, came my turn! and you know, *Sovereign Pontiff*, with what Pride and Malice I mounted the Throne; the means I us'd to destroy that cursed Heretical Doctrine; the pleasure I took in shedding my Subject's Blood; what Magnificence and Splendour I gave to the Mass; how barbarously I treated that innocent and beautiful Princess *Jane Suffolk*; with what severity I us'd my Sister *Elizabeth*; and also the immoderate Joy that seiz'd my precious Soul, when I married a Prince, who had as well as I, the good quality of being Cruel to the highest degree, is not unknown to you. Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of my Letter, you may, perhaps, think my Sentiments now alter'd, but I assure you the contrary, and that I cannot behold with Patience your present Insensibility and Mildness. Is it possible you can suffer a Religion, destitute of all Ornaments, that has nothing but Truth and Simplicity to recommend it, to get the advantage of your *Rome*, which Reigns in Blood and Purple, subsists by Falshood and Idolatry, and

and sets up and pulls down Kings? How can you indure it? What a horrid shame and weakness is this? Are there no more *Ravaillacs*? Is their neither Powder nor Daggers in the Arsenal of the *Jesuits*? Have they forgot how to build Wheels, Gibbets and Scaffolds? Or is your Malice, Envy, Hatred and Fury seiz'd with a Lethargy? 's death Holy Father! I am distracted when I think that nothing succeeds in *England*, where I took so much Pains, and practis'd so much Cruelty to establish Popery, and root out the Doctrine of the Apostles; and where your pious Emissaries, following my Zeal, had invented most admirable Machines, to sacrifice, with *James* the First, all the Enemies of your *Antichristian Holiness!* Do you sleep? and must *France* only brandish the glorious Flambeau of Persecution? Consider, I pray, that I employ'd the best of my time in Imprecations against the Deserters from your Church; that I so inflam'd my Blood in those Transports, that it threw me into a Dropsie, which hurried me to the Grave. My Husband, who was too much of my Temper to love me, was very little concern'd. In short, That filthy Disease stifl'd me, a certain presage of the continual

Thirst

Thirſt I now ſuffer. But I once more beſeech you, moſt Holy Father, to re-inforce your Squadrons, to joyn them with the moſt *Chriſtian King*'s, and with your Holy Benediction, give them ſtrict orders to grant no Quarters to the Diſciples of St. *Paul.* You will infinitely oblige by it, both *me and Lucifer*, who is now as zealous a *Romaniſt* as your *Eldeſt Son*, and who, like him, wou'd not willingly ſuffer any but good Papiſts, the Friends and Penſioners of *Verſailles*, thoſe ſworn Enemies of *Liberty and Property* in his Dominions. I am ſo ill-natur'd that my Husband *Philip* is as cautious of imbracing me as he was in the other World; but that's no misfortune either to Earth or Hell; for we cou'd produce nothing but a *Monſter* between us, which wou'd be the Terror of mankind, and Horror of Devils.

The POPE's

ANSWER

TO

MARY of England.

YOU are too violent, dear Madam, and Men of my Age and Grandeur require more moderation. I'am acquainted with your History, and know your Zeal, by the same token you needed not waste your Lungs to acquaint me with either the one or the other. To be free with you, I am not of the Humour to espouse madly other People's Passions, tho I shou'd leave the *Triple Crown* destitute of all Pomp and Greatness. But I will make the *Heretick* blot out of their Writings, if possible, the names of *Antichrist*, *devouring Dragon*, *Wolf disguis'd in a Sheep-skin*, and several other as abusive. Do not you believe People are weary of paying a blind Obedience to the *See of Rome*? *Imperious France* has made us sensible of it; and 'tis not the fault of the *Eldest Son of the Church*, if he does not de-

dethrone his Mother. Ecclesiastical Censures are now out of fashion, and no more minded than Pasquinades. We were scorn'd and ridicul'd in your *Father*'s time; and tho you were as handsom as my quondam Mistress, or, *Donna Maria di S. Germano* you shou'd not oblige me to put up fresh Affronts for your sake. Your *Husband* is to blame to treat you with such indifference: and I think it very ill for an infected Worm-eaten Carcass to despise so devout a *Queen*. But I cannot imagine why the *Popes*, who live all under the same Zone with you, suffer such coldness? Suppose your *Husband* shou'd, like a *Heretick* despise their Exhortations, one of their Decrees has Power enough to divorce you? Which in time, I hope, may advance your Grandeur, for we hear *Pluto* is in Love with you for your Zeal; and that *Proserpine* is given over by the Physicians. Therefore take my advice, and drink as little water as you can; for, being *Dropsical*, the Water of *Styx* must needs be prejudicial to you, and the Church wou'd lose an admirable good Friend. I offer you no Indulgences, they are pure Mountebank Drugs; and were you got no further yet than Purgatory, have not the Virtue to

bring you out. But grant they had that Power; as your Amours ſtand now, I ſuppoſe you wou'd not deſire it; ſo till I have the happineſs of wiſhing your Imperial Majeſty much joy,

I am, &c.

HARLEQUIN
TO
Father *la Chaiſe*.

SInce we were of the ſame Trade, with this difference only, that I compos'd *Farces* to make the World laugh, and that you invent Tragedies that give them Horror; I believe, *Reverend Father*, you will not condemn the liberty I take of writing to you.

In the firſt place, I beſeech your *Reverence* not to put your *Penitents* out of conceit with thoſe harmleſs Diverſions which make me and my brother Players live ſo plentifully; but be pleaſed to take our ſmall

ſmall Flock into your Protection. That Power lies in the Breaſt of you and your pious *Society*; and who wou'd grudge it to ſuch *Holy Men* as have no other aim than ſetling and ſatisfying Men's Conſciences, by clearing all the controverted difficulties of Chriſtianity, and rendring Religion ſo plain and eaſie, that your Enemies cannot find the leaſt doubt or difficulty in it. Nay, like *dexterous Artiſts*, you can, with your admirable Morals, remove the juſteſt ſcruples; for they give ſo pious an Air, ſo devout a Shade to the greateſt Crimes, that they inchant the World, and hide their Deformity, without oppoſing the Licentiouſneſs of Paſſions, or deſtroying their Pleaſure or Intention. Theſe admirable Talents, *moſt Holy Confeſſor*, open to your *Society* the Cloſets and Hearts of *Princes*, and bring all the lovers of Voluptuouſneſs and Barbarity to be your *Confeſſionaries*. Truly, *Reverend Father*, your Fame is infinite, and the great St. *Loyola* may be proud of having ſo many *righteous Diſciples*. But theſe Miracles make the World believe him ſomething related to *Simon Magus*; for without Inchantments 'tis impoſſible to do ſo many Prodigies. The Lameneſs in his Feet, and Megrim

he's daily troubled with, by being too near a hot Furnace of Brimstone, make him so peevish and out of humour, that he cannot write to any of you; Therefore look upon me as his Secretary, and not a jot the lesser *Saint* for having been upon the Stage; all *Paris* can witness for me, that as soon as I laid aside my Comical Mask and Habit, I cou'd upon occasion look as demure and devout as a fresh pardon'd Penitent; so that the imployment is neither above my Gravity, nor I hope above my Sincerity and Capacity; for I have often had the honour of shewing my Parts before his most *Christian Majesty* in his *Seraglio*, to make him more prolifick and more dispos'd to the mighty work of Propagation. But, *Reverend Father*, 'tis time now to tell you, as a good Catholick and your Friend, that we are so scandaliz'd here at his Conduct, that we cannot believe he follows your Holy Advice; and were it not for this doubt, and our sollicitations, *Lucifer* had last Summer sent *Loyola* under the Command of Monsieur *Luxembourg* to dragoon you. 'Zounds! says he, is the *Order* that daily sent me so many Subjects, revolted? 'Tis true, the Rogues *Ravaillac* and *Clement* have a little disgrac'd

disgrac'd you; but we do not value now what they say, for the *Wits* have espous'd your Quarrel, and blind the Eyes of Detraction. Indeed, it is no wonder to us, since they sing to *Apollo*'s Harp, which had the power to calm the Transports of *Jupiter*? Is there any thing so charming as the discourses of * *Ariste* and *Eugene*, and that little *Je ne sai quoy*, they speak so wittily of? Who can resist the Art of good Invention in the work of Wit, or an exquisite choice of good Verses? And who wou'd not be charm'd with all those *Panegyricks* upon the Ladies? Is not once reading of them a thousand times more diverting, than those *profound Writings* you so prudently forbid your Penitents the perusal of? I own indeed that this Conduct is not altogether so Apostolical, but 'tis much easier than to be always puzzling and hammering out *Parables*? 'Tis certain, most Reverend Father, shou'd you leave the *Sacred Writ* open to all Readers, it wou'd fare with a thousand good Souls as with King *Ahasuerus*, who became favourable to the True Religion by reading a True Chronicle. How many blind wretches think ye, wou'd see clear? How many *Favourites* wou'd be hang'd, and *Mordecai's* rais'd to

* *Father* Bauhours, *Father* le Moine, *Fe-suits.*

Honour? And how many *Jesuits* wou'd be treated as the Priests of *Baal*? But you, I'm sure, will take care to hinder that; for truly 'twou'd be contrary to your Ecclesiastical Prudence; and 'tis much safer for you to darken the Divine Lights, and confound, by Sophisms, the Sacred Truths of Holy Writ; for what wou'd become of your Church if the Clouds were once dispers'd, since it flourishes by their Favour, and the protection of Ignorance. Nothing can keep up the Credit of a *repudiated Cheat*, whose Shams are so notorious, and whose Equipage so different from that of the *legitimate Spouse of Jesus Christ*, that neither He, nor any of his Faithful Servants know or own her, but Ignorance and Falshood. I ask your pardon, most *Reverend Father*, these Expressions flow so naturally from my Subject, that they have escap'd my Sincerity; and I own this is not the Style of a Flatterer. But to atone for my Fault, I will give you some wholesome advice, which is, to make Hay while the Sun shines, for you must not expect much fair weather in these doleful Quarters. Those worthy Gentlemen, call'd *Confessors*, being look'd upon here to be no better than so many *Ignes Fatui*, that lead their

Followers

Followers into Precipices, for which reason they are not allow'd Ice with their Liquor. This I can assure you to be true *in verbo histrionis*, therefore since you know what you must trust to, I need not advice a Person of your profound Parts what measures to take. *Adieu.*

Father la Chaise's *Answer* TO *HARLEQUIN.*

THo you conversed with none but impudent Lowsie *Rimers*, yet you are not ignorant, you little *Jack-pudding* of the Stage, that all Comparisons are odious, and that there can be none between the *Confessor of a Monarch* and a *Buffoon.* But to answer your Letter with the Moderation and Prudence of a *Jesuit*, I will suppose the first part of it not meant to me, and now take into consideration the essential Points in it. Have we not proscrib'd *Heresie* by sound of Trumpet? and notwithstanding

withstanding all the pretty Books we have publish'd and the cajoling tricks we have us'd, is not *Heresie* still the same? But, to be serious, *Harlequin*, good *Roman* Catholicks must follow no other Lights than those of Tradition; and they, who are so incredulous and obstinate as not to believe it, must have their Eyes open'd with the Sword. 'Twou'd be a fine enterprise, wou'd it not, and very profitable to the Church to condemn *Images*, *Candles*, *Holy-water*, *Beads*, *Scapulaires*, *Relicks*, with a hundred others, which are so many Golden Mines, and offer only to Bigots the slovenly Equipage of *Calvin*'s Reformation? Devotion merely spiritual is too flat and insipid; therefore we must set it off with *Jubilees*, *Pilgrimages*, *Processions*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Crosses*, *Banners*, and all the Mountebank Tricks, and noble Knick-knacks of St. *Germain*'s *Fair*. If I did not know that jesting was an habitual Sin in you, I wou'd never pardon you; for the *Society of Jesus* does not teach us to forgive Injuries. Tell St. *Loyola*, the first of us that shall be sent Post to mighty *Lucifer*, to desire his assistance in those important Affairs our great *Monarch* has undertaken by his Instigation, and which are too tedious now to relate, shall put into his

Port-

Port-mantle some Ice to refresh him, Plaisters for his Megrim, and Ointment for his Burns. Tell him also that the Memory of the glorious Prophet *Mahomet* is not more respected than his, and that I am

His most zealous
and very humble Servant,

La Chaise.

The Duke of ALVA
TO THE
Clergy of France.

I Believe, worthy Gentlemen, you are very well satisfied that I am damn'd ;---- and indeed there was little likelihood that such a Monster as my self should enjoy Happiness, after having committed so much Wickedness, and taken so much Pleasure in it. I took a fancy to acts of Cruelty from my very Cradle, and with great Fidelity serv'd *Philip* the Second, the celebrated

brated Apostle of the *Gentiles* never made so many miserable wretches, when he was a violent Zealot of the Law. I like him made use of *Chains*, *Racks*, *Fire*, and all that an ingenious Fury cou'd imagine most tormenting; but it was never any part of my Destiny to be converted at last like him. Thus I went on in my Iniquities, and became the strongest Brute that Bigotry ever debauch'd, so that at my first arrival to Hell, there was never a Devil of the whole pack but fell a trembling, tho he had been never so much accustomed to such Company before. But, Gentlemen, why are not you become Wise by my Example? For you must not flatter your selves that the difference of our Professions makes any in our Crimes? you are Warriours when you please; for the *Monastick Soldiery* follow'd the Duke of *Mayenne*'s Standard during the *League*, crown'd themselves with immortal shame at the barbarous Triumph of St. *Bartholomew*, and shoulder'd the Musket after they had preach'd those bloody Sermons, which made Christians treat their fellow Creatures like Beasts of Prey. I confess, I never troubled my head about scruples of Conscience, and if I have not obey'd that

Article

Article of the Decalogue, *Thou shalt not kill*; I never roar'd out with a wide mouth, as the Priests of the *Roman Church*, *Persecute*, *Imprison*, *Kill*, *Destroy*, *force them to obey*. My Fury came only from your Brethren, who had so thoroughly corrupted me, that I thought Heaven wou'd be my reward, if I Butcher'd all they were pleas'd to stigmatize with *Heresie*. So I gave a loose to my Passions, as you may read in History; where, I think, they have us'd me but too kindly. To seduce Men of weak understandings is no extraordinary matter; but that *Princes*, who ought to have a competent knowledge of every thing, shou'd be cheated by you, is a Miracle to me. No age of the World ever saw a greater Example of it, than in my Master *Philip*, whose natural sloth, and besotted Bigotry gave so fair a Field to these Ecclesiastical Impostors, so fair an opportunity to manage him as they pleas'd; and his * Fathers Ashes are a sufficient proof of it. Instead of setting before his Eyes the Examples of that invincible Prince, these sanctified Villains only plung'd him deeper in Superstition and Idolatry. And as a domineering lazy Lord of a country Village will never go out of his own Parish,

* Charles the Vth.

Parish, so he never travell'd farther than from *Madrid to the Escurial*. His Wife, Father, Son and Brother felt the Effects of their barbarous Doctrine. And to leave behind him a pious Idea of his Soul, when he was dying, he order'd his Crown and Coffin to be set before him. This was Hypocrisie with a witness; but that is no crime in a Zealot. You'll tell me, perhaps, I direct my discourse to improper Persons, who know not the History of *Philip of Austria*; Ignorance being common enough in those of your Fraternity: Yet, let me tell ye, I am not mistaken; for the Diabolical Spirit that now possesses you, is the very same that influenc'd the Priests of my time; and I may safely affirm that *France* is the Theatre of Cruelty and Iniquity. Your Monarch, who is much such another Saint as my Master, spares the poor Protestants Lives, for no other reason, but to make, by his inhumane Torments, Death more desirable to them. These and a Thousand more unjust Actions does he commit to satiate your hellish Vanity, which wou'd for ever domineer in the City built on Seven Mountains. To this you'll answer, What doth it signifie if we make him persecute the

Prote-

Protestants, murder their Kings, and keep no Faith, or Treaties with them, since it increases our Power and propagates our Religion? But, Gentlemen, when you come to be where I am, you will, I'm certain sing to another Tune.

THE ANSWER

Of the Clergy of *France* to the *Duke of* ALVA.

HAd you made as sincere a Confession in the days of yore as you do now, you might for your Zeal in persecuting Heresie have obtain'd an ample Absolution of all your sins, tho they had been never so numerous and black, and been a glorious Saint in the *Roman* Calendar; which induces us to believe your Zeal, tended rather towards the Propagation of your own Power and Interest, than that of the Church: Thus in cheating us you likewise cheated your self; and we are not sorry at

at your Calamities. But does it become you, who once fill'd *Flanders* and *Spain* with Horror, to reproach the *Apostolick Legions* with the noble effects of their Fervency? And was it not absolutely necessary, after we had once preach'd the destruction of the Protestants, that *Lewis* the great, to compleat his Glory, and our satisfaction, should send his Holy Troops to Burn, Ravish, and Pillage at discretion; that he might say with an *Emperour of Rome*, whom he very much resembles, let them hate, so they fear me. Where, Sir, do you find us commanded to keep Faith with *Hereticks*, or suffer their *Princes* to live when 'tis against our interest? Does not the *Roman Church* dispense with these little Peccadillos, and are not those who wear her Cloath, and eat her Bread, oblig'd to obey her Precepts? What pleases us most, is, to hear a whining Recreant, as thou art, sing *peccavi* at this time of day, and pretend to remorse of Conscience. For your comfort, you may desire *Cerberus*, if you please, to joyn in the Consort with you; but rest assured, that if you had three mouths like that triple-headed Cur, your barking wou'd be all in vain.

Philip

PHILIP of Austria
TO THE
DAUPHIN.

WHat do you mean, worthy Kinsman, by pretending to be a Man of Honour? Does it become a Person of your Birth? Do you find any Precedent for it in your *Family*? Did your *Father* make himself formidable by it? or do you find in History that any merciful or generous Prince made himself so Great, or reigned so prosperously for almost 60. Years, as your debauch'd and perjur'd Father has done; who is now the Terror and Scourge of *Europe*, and will be its *Tyrant* if Treachery and Gold can prevail? But do you think those things to be Crimes in *Sovereigns*? If he has indulg'd his Lust, does he not severely persecute *Heresie*? And besides, does not his * *Mistress* constantly pray and offer Sacrifice? you know she's old enough to be Prudent; and lives up to the Gravity of her Age, since she stretches her Devotion even to the Stage; by the same token she

* *Madam* Maintenon

will suffer none of her * Husband's diverting *Farces* to be acted there any more. Thank *Heaven* therefore for sending you that bountiful *Patroness* from the ‖ New World, who is the Comfort and Preservation of your *Father* and his *Kingdoms*; and tho your *Mother* was my near *Relation*, yet am I not asham'd to see so pure and zealous a *Saint* supply her place in the Royal Bed. I wonder she has not yet prevail'd with you to have more regard for the Interest of the *Roman Church*: to promote the Grandeur whereof I destroy'd many Thousands of its Enemies by the Ministry of the Duke of *Alva*, and ordered my *Father's* Bones to be dug out of the Ground and burnt for having tolerated *Luther*'s Heresie. Otherwise I should never have concern'd my self much about it, supposing none but *Flegmatick Coxcombs* wou'd espouse a *Church* which does not keep open House all the year round, and won't pardon the greatest Crimes for Money. You know, I don't doubt, what my jealousie cost my * *Son and* ‖ *Wife*, and how I treated the * *Conqueror at Lepanto*; To balance that account with *Heaven*, I gave largely to the *Priests*, built *Monasteries*, went to *Processions*, was loaded like a Mule with *Beads* and

* Scaron.

‖ *Madam* Maintenon *was born in* Martenico.

* *Dom* Carlos.

‖ Elizabeth *of* France.

* *Dom* John *of* Austria.

and Relicks, and by this means passed for a *Saint*. And this, I think, may properly enough be call'd a good Religion. 'Tis true, I never saw any Engagement but in my Closet, or at a distance like your prudent *Father*. What then, does the World talk less of me, or him for that? The end of my Life, I must confess, was something singular; for the *Worms* serv'd an Execution upon my Carkass before the time; and so we hear they do his. But what does that signifie, so a Man satisfies his own Humour? Be not infatuated then with vain glory; for if they, who are exempt from the *Flames of Hell*, boast of having *Angels, Saints, and Martyrs* for their Companions; we can brag of having *Popes, Cardinals, Emperours, Kings, Queens, Jesuits, Monks and Priests* in abundance. I must own our Walks have not the charming Fountains and Shades of * *Versailles* and the * *Escurial*; and that 'tis always as hot weather with us here, as with the good Folks under the *Torrid Zone*: But such a trifle as this ought not to make you shun the Company of so many choice Friends as have an entire affection for you.

* * *The two Royal Houses of* France *and* Spain.

The Dauphin's ANSWER TO *PHILIP of Austria.*

NEither the Examples you have quoted, nor those which are daily before my Eyes have power enough to pervert me; I have a veneration for Virtue, which you forsooth, call the quality of a *Coxcomb*, and an abhorrence for all that bears the stamp of Vice, tho you have illustrated it with the prosperous and glorious Reign of the *French* Monarch. But were the first unknown to me, I wou'd not look for it in your Life, since, according to your best Friends, it is a thing you never practis'd. As *Sons* have no authority to condemn the Conduct of their *Fathers*, so I will not presume to examine into that of *Lewis* the 14*th*. But tell me, I beseech you, what advantages you reap'd from

from your Bigotry and Superſtition? For my part, had I ſome of the Aſhes of every *Saint* in the *Roman Calendar* in my Snuff-box, and carried *Beads* as big as Cannon-bullets about me, I ſhou'd not believe my ſelf either a better Chriſtian, or leſs expos'd to danger. But to what purpoſe did you, who never expos'd your Royal Perſon in Battel, arm your ſelf with all thoſe imaginary Preſervatives? Or can you ſay they defended you from being devour'd alive by Millions of Vermin that puniſh'd you in this Life for the Iniquities you daily committed, and were only the prelude to more terrible Puniſhments. Let not my indifference for the *Church of Rome* break your reſt; I have no Power at preſent; and I can't tell what my Sentiments wou'd be, had I a Crown on my head. But it now cruelly troubles me to ſee *France* ſo weakned by the diſperſion of ſo many thouſand innocent People; and did my opinion ſignifie any more in our Councils than wind, I wou'd adviſe the recalling of 'em. But the *Nymph* you ſee with ſo much ſatisfaction ſupply the place of your *Grandchild*, and who has more Power now than ever, is there as abſolute

as a *Dictator*. The *French Monarchy*, which has subsisted for so many Ages, might be still supported without her; She being good for nothing that I know of, but to instruct Youth in the nicest ways of debauchery: Therefore I cou'd wish the King wou'd transport her to her native Soil, and make her *Governness* of the *American Monkies*; a fitter imployment for her than that she usurps over our *Princesses*. To deal plainly with you, I have no ambition to see your *Majesty*, being satisfied with knowing you from publick Report; so will carefully avoid coming near your *Torrid Zone*, if 'tis possible for a man to be any time a *King of France* without it.

JUVE-

JUVENAL TO BOILEAU.

SInce we don't dispatch Couriers every day from the *Kingdom of Pluto*, you ought not to be surprised, that I have not had an opportunity till now of telling you what sticks in my Stomach. I thought your first *Satyrs* very admirable, your Expressions just, and laboriously turn'd, yet charming and natural. Were the distribution of Rewards in my Power, I shou'd certainly give you something for your *Art of Poetry:* But, for your *Lutrin*, that Master-piece of your Wit, that highest effort of your Imagination, I see nothing in it worthy of you, but the Versification. Every one owns you can write, nay, your very Enemies allow it; But you know a Metamorphosis requires an entire change; therefore, since you resolv'd to imitate *Virgil*, you should have made choice of noble *Heroes*. He that travested the *Æneis* understood it better than you, and did not fatigue himself so much; and as he was a

Man of clear and good ſence has judiciouſly remark'd that his *Queen* diſguis'd in a *Countrey Wench*, is infinitely beyond your *Clock-maker's Wife* dreſs'd like an *Empreſs*. But let us leave this Subject which now 'tis too late to amend, ſince what is done cannot be undone. What did you mean, you I ſay, who have been accus'd of ſtealing my Lines, and who, to deal honeſtly with you, have often follow'd the ſame Road I have trac'd, what did you mean, I ſay, by reflecting on particulars in your Satyr againſt Women? Did I ever ſet you that Example? Is not my *Sixth Satyr* againſt the Sex in general; and when I look back as far as the Reigns of *Saturn and Rhea* for * Modeſty, do I pretend the leaſt ſhadow of it is left upon Earth? Unthinking Fool! thoſe different Characters you have drawn will make you ſo many particular Enemies; and I queſtion, if the *Patroneſs* you have choſen can ſecure you from their Claws. If an affected zeal inſpires you with ſo much Veneration for a *Saint of the Italian faſhion*, in truth, you ought to have burnt your Incenſe ſo privately, that the Smoke might not have offended others. How can the *Bard* that boaſts of eating no Fleſh in *Lent*, that wou'd frankly diſcipline himſelf in the face of the godly,

* *Credo pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam.*

godly, like one of the* *Militia of St. Francis*, adore a *Golden Cow*, and adorn an *Idol* each blast of Wind can otherthrow, with those *Garlands*, which shou'd be preserv'd for the *Statues of the greatest Heroes!* She is, 'tis true, very singular in her kind: But will you stain your name of *illustrious Poet*, by creeping before a walking Mummy of her superannuated Gallantry? your sordid Interest has made you a Traytor to *Satyr*; and thereby you occasion here daily continual divisions. ‖ *Chapelain* and *St. Amant* have been at Cuffs with * *Moliere* and *Corneille*, because you have not treated them so civilly as your ‖ *Urgande*. The two first ridicule your sordid covetous humour, and say, you learnt that baseness while you belong'd to the *Register's Office*. The other two, who were perhaps of your Trade, defend the honour of your Extraction. But *St. Amant*, who will never forget the unworthy Character you have given him, concerning his Poverty, which he swears is false; and submitting his Verses to the judgment of unprejudic'd Persons, for which you ridicule him, said, in a haughty tone, (which set us all a laughing) that when he was Gentleman of the Chamber in ordinary to the *Queen of Poland*, and Ambassador

* *Monks.*

‖ *Two Ancient Poets.*

* *Two Modern Poets.*

‖ *Madam* Maintenon

A French *Poet whom* Boileau *makes free with in his first Satyr, and elsewhere.*

baſſador extraordinary at the Coronation of the *Queen of Sweden*, he kept ſeveral Footmen of better Quality than your ſelf. *Chapelain*, who cannot ſay ſo much for himſelf, is content with ſinging the terrible Valour of the *Duke de Nevers* Lackeys, who kept time with their Cudgels on your Shoulders. We were forc'd to call for a Bottle to appeaſe this War; and St. *Amant*, taking the Glaſs in his hand, ſwore by his Maker, he had rather you had call'd him *Drunkard* than *Fool*, tho he drinks very moderately in this Place, where 'tis no great ſcandal to be Thirſty. Be not concern'd at this Paragraph, becauſe the reſt of my Letter ſufficiently teſtifies the eſteem I have for you, and my concern for your welfare: Therefore to preſerve both, renounce your ſordid way of praiſing Vice, and imploy your happy Talent in teaching Good Manners, and correcting the Bad, which will be an Employment worthy of your great Genius; and is the only way to recommend you to the good opinion of the *Learned Ancients*.

BOILEAU's Answer TO JUVENAL.

Illustrious Ghost,

A Message from the *Muses* never fill'd me with so much Transport as the first sight of your Letter; but I had not read six Lines before I wish'd you had never done me that honour. To praise my *Satyrs*, and fall foul upon my *Lutrin*, which made me sweat more drops of Water, than your drunkard St. *Amant*, (since I must call him so) ever drank of Wine, is no Favour. After many laborious and fruitless endeavours finding, to my great grief and distraction, I could match you in *Wit*, I resolv'd, if possible, to outdo you in *Malice*, which made me take the liberty of Romancing a little on St. *Amant*, falling foul upon peoples Characters and Manners, and treating several scurvy Poets more roughly, than you did the *Theseis of Codrus*, when you sang,

(ponam?
Semper ego auditor tantum? Numquam ne re-
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?

Thus

Thus suffering the Gall of my heart to flow through the Chanel of my Pen, I procur'd my self Enemies in abundance, and since I must confess all to you, some stripes with a Bulls Pizzle, which was a most terrible mortification to my Shoulders; but I bore all this with the patience of a Philosopher, as will appear by the following Lines.

Let *Codrus*, that nauseous pretender to Wit,
Condemn all my works before Courtier and Cit.
I bear all with Patience, whatever he says,
And I value as little his scandal as praise.
Vain-glory no longer my Genius does fire,
'Tis Inte'rest alone tunes the strings of my Lire.
Integrity's naught but a plausible Sham,
For Money I praise, and for Money I damn.
Old politic Bards for Fame have no itching,
The *Apollo* I court is the steam of a Kitchin.

The four first Lines, I must own, are something against the grain; and the natural Inclination I have to Rail and be thought an *excellent Poet* gives my Tongue the Lye; but the four last, which shew more Prudence than Wit, reconcile that matter. 'Tis certainly, *illustrious Bard*, more difficult to please the World now, than

than it was in your time; for if I write *Satyr*, I'm beaten for it; if I praise, I'm call'd a mercenary Flatterer; which so disheartens me, that I address my self now to my Gardener only; and don't doubt but some busie *nice Critick*, will be censuring this *Poem* also. Not being in the best humour, when I writ it, perhaps it may appear something dark and abstruse; but I can easily excuse that by maintaining that 'tis impossible for the best Author in the World, to keep up always to the same strain. Have you ever heard of the Tales of the *Peau-d'Asue* & *Grisedilis*? If *Proserpine* had any little Children, 'twou'd be a most agreeable diversion for them, and I wou'd send it 'em for a Present. Tho that *Author* furnishes you with sufficient matter to laugh at me, yet I must confess he has found the Art of making something of a *Trifle*. Every one here learns his Verses by heart; and in spight of my Translation of *Longinus*, which makes it so plainly appear I understand *Greek*, and know something of *Poetry*, my Book begins to be despis'd. Wou'd it not break a Man's Heart to see such impertinent *Stuff* prefer'd before so many *sublime Pieces*? But, as for your Glory, that will eternally subsist, and nothing can destroy it, since time has not already done it.

DIANA

*DIANA of Poictiers TO *Madam* Maintenon.

* *Mistriss to King* Henry *the* 2*d. of* France.

SInce the Spirit of Curiosity possesses us here in this World no less than it did in yours, 'tis an infinite trouble for those Persons, *Madam*, who were acquainted with every thing while they liv'd, not to know all that passes after their Death; and of this you will one day make an Experiment. I am not desirous to know, *Madam*, what you have done to succeed the greatest Beauties of the Earth in the Affection of an old libidinous Monarch, nor what Charms you make use of to secure the possession of his Heart, at an Age you cannot please without a Miracle. My Planet, dear *Madam*, has rendred me somewhat knowing in these affairs, for *Henry the* 2*d.* was my Gallant as long as he liv'd; and tho I was a little handsomer than you, I was not, I think, much younger. But, I must tell you, I cannot comprehend what procures you those loud Commendations and Applauses which reach even our Ears; and

and are by their noiſe moſt horribly offenſive to us. The advantages of my Birth were great; and it is well known my Charms ſo captivated *Francis the First*, that they redeem'd my Father from the Gallows. I married a very conſiderable Man, and the name of *Breze Seneſchal of Normandy*, ſounds ſomewhat better than that of *Scaron the Queens Ballad-maker*. The Houſe of *Poictiers* too, from which I was deſcended, may ſurely take place of thoſe *Monarchs* from whom that mercenary Fellow *Boileau* derives your extraction, and laſtly, if I had a few particular Enemies, I did nothing to make my ſelf generally odious. Yet for all this, I was neither canoniz'd nor prais'd, but openly laugh'd at, and by one of my own Profeſſion, I mean, the Dutcheſs of *Eſtampe*, who was Miſtriſs to the *Father of my Lover*, and ſaid *ſhe was born on my Wedding day*. Blundering imprudent *Bayard* was baniſh'd for ſpeaking too freely of me; and tho it was ſaid, that for me alone Beauty had the Privilege not to grow old, the Compliment was ſo forc'd, that I was little the better for it. Ragged *Marot* was the only *Poet* that ever pretended to couple Rimes in my Praiſe, and I will appeal to you if he did not deſerve to go naked.

I dare not (wer't to ſave my ranſome)
Affirm you Ladyſhip is handſome,
Nor without telling monſtrous Lyes
Defend the lightning of your Eyes.
For, *Madam*, to declare the Truth,
You've neither Face, nor Shape, nor Youth.

How'er, all Flattery apart
You've play'd your Cards with wondrous Art.
When Young, no Lover ſaw your Charms,
Or preſt you in his eager Arms:
But Triumphs your Old Age attend,
And you begin where others end.

What think you, *Madam*, of this; is it not rather *Satyr* than *Praiſe*? Shou'd the *Bard*, that ſings your Virtues from the top of *Parnaſſus* down to the *Market-place*, be as ſincere, how wou'd you reward him? Tho I know he has more Prudence yet I cannot believe he compares you to *Helen* for Beauty, to *Hebe* for Youth, for Chaſtity to *Lucretia*, for Courage to *Clelia*, and for Wiſdom to *Minerva*, as common report ſays; becauſe, were it true, it is not to be ſuppos'd you wou'd have put a poor deform'd *Poet* in poſſeſſion of ſuch mighty Treaſures; for, were there

there not *Scepters* and *Crowns* then inticing? Were not then the Eyes of *Princes* open? Did ye choose an *Author* for your Love, out of *Caprice*, or *Despair*? Did you take his *Wicker-Chair* for a *Throne*? Or did the Love of *Philosophy* draw you in? Had the latter wrought upon you, you wou'd not have been the first, I must confess; for the famous *Hipparchia*, Handsome, Young and Rich, prefer'd poor crooked *Crates* before the Wealthiest and most Beautiful Gentleman of *Greece*. I am unwilling to judge uncharitably, but I cannot be perswaded that such an Alliance cou'd be contracted without some pressing necessity. When I reflect on the beginning, increase and circumstances of your Fortune, I am astonish'd! for neither your Hair which was Gray when you began to grow in favour, nor the Remembrance of (1) a *Vestate* once ador'd nor the Idea of a (2) *Blooming Beauty*, whom cruel Death suddenly snatch'd away by the help of a little Poison; nor the Presence of a (3) *Rival*, by so much the more dangerous, because she had triumph'd over several other, cou'd prove any obstacles to your Prosperity. The *Bountiful Lady*

(1) *Madam* la Valliere.
(2) *Madam* de Fontange.
(3) *Madam* de Vontespan.

that brought you out of your mean obscurity, and in whose Service you thought your self happy, is now content if you let her enjoy the least shew of her former Greatness. In this *Chaos* I lose my self, *Madam*; but if you will bring me out of my Confusion, I faithfully promise to give you an exact account of all that concerns me, when I shall have the Pleasure of Embracing you. I exceedingly commend your prudent Conduct, for those young *Plants* you cultivate in a * *terrestial Paradise*, will one day produce Flowers to Crown you; and the Zeal you profess for a Religion which began to act furiously in my time, must stop the mouths of the nicest Bigots, and make the Tribunal of Confession favourable to you; tho' perhaps, dear *Madam*, it may make that of *Minos* a little more severe.

* The Nuns of St. Cyr.

Madam

Madam *MAINTENON'S* ANSWER TO *DIANA* of *POITIERS.*

CUriosity, *Madam*, being the Character of the Great and Busie, I will answer you according to your Merit and Birth, tho' you have not treated me so. Since you know what Charms a Lover when Youth is gone, I'll dismiss that Point to come to the History of my Life, and the Virtuous Actions I am praised for. I know you are of an Ancient Family, that you Married a Man of Power and Riches, and that you were *Francis* the First's Bedfellow, before his *Son* fell in Love with you. As for me, I was born in the * *New World*, under a favourable Constellation, and the offspring of a *Goayler's Daughter*, with whom my *Father*, tho' of *Royal Blood*, was oblig'd, either through Love, or rather Necessity, to cohabit. Fortune,

* West-Indies.

which never yet forsook me, first deprivʼd me of my *Beggarly Relations*, without leaving me wherewithal to cover my Nakedness, and then brought me into *Europe*, where I found a great many Lovers and few Husbands. Poor deformʼd *Scaron* at last offerʼd me his hand; I had my Reasons for accepting him, and his Infirmities did not hinder me from receiving that Title which was convenient for one in my circumstances. In short, I lost him without much concern, and livʼd so prudently during my *Widowhood*, that *Madam Montespan* took me out of my *Cell*, to bring me into the Intrigues of the *Court*. Every one knows I drove my generous *Patroness* from the *Royal Bed*, and that since my being in favour, I have been profusely liberal to all my *Idolaters*. *Our Poets*, who do not resemble *Marot*, value not Honour, provided they have good Pensions, which I generously bestow on them, and they repay me in *Panegyricks*, by which means I am *Handsom*, *Young*, *Chast*, *Virtuous*, *Wise*, and of as Noble Blood as *Alexander the Great*. Thoʼ I was a Protestant, the Church is not so foolish as to inquire into my Religion; thus out of a prin-

principle of Gratitude, and to fix Her in my Interest, I have fill'd the Heart of our *Monarch*, with the godly Zeal of Persecution. I have also founded a stately * Edifice, where I breed up a great many pretty young *Virgins*, who no doubt on't will prove as Modest and Discreet as their Founder; and I play so well the part of a *Queen*, that the World thinks me so in reality. These few hints may give you some light into my History, *Madam*; therefore to reward my sincerity, if you find *Minos* dispos'd to use me severely, prepare him, I beseech you, to be more favourable.

* St. *Cyr.*

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* HUGH SPENCER *the younger, to all the Favourites and Ministers whom it may concern.*

* *The famous Minion of our* Edward *the 2d.*

LET all those that are ambitious of the Title of *Favourite*, learn by the History of my Life, how dangerous a Folly it is to monopolize their *Prince's* Smiles. A Man climbs to the top of this slippery ascent through a Thousand difficulties, and if he is not moderate in his Prosperity (which few are) he often

falls with a more precipitated shame, into Disgrace. I acquir'd, or rather usurp'd the Favour of *Edward the Second*, in whose Breast the proud *Gaveston* had before me licentiously revell'd. To effect this, my *Father* lent me his helping hand; but without growing Wiser by the Examples of others, the vanity of my Ambition made me follow that wandring Star, call'd Fortune. I had no sooner possess'd my self of the King's Ear, but I crept into the secrets of his Heart, and infected it with the blackest venome of mine; acting the part of a Self-interest'd, not an Honest *Minister*. As I valued not the Glory of his Reign, or Ease of his People, provided I Govern'd him, and render'd my self Master of his Treasures, so did I never move him to relieve the Miserable, or reward the Faithful and Deserving, but indeavour'd to blacken the Merit of their greatest Actions, and so settled the first motions of his Liberality, with reasons of sordid Interest. If any Places of Trust were to be fill'd, covering my Treachery still with the Vail of Zeal and Love for my Country, I recommended only such as were devoted to my Service; pretending ill-

manage-

management in every Thing that went not through my Hands; and that the Nation was betray'd, whilst I, like some of you now, was Selling it, and was in reality the worst Enemy it had. After I had sacrificed the great Duke of *Lancaster* to my Revenge, and a Hundred Persons of Quality besides, I sow'd Discord in the *Royal Family*. The *Queen*, with the *Prince of* Wales *her Son*, and the *Earl of Kent*, the *King's Brother*, retir'd into *France*. During which time I Govern'd at my Ease, wallow'd in Luxury and Riches, and had Interest enough to hinder *Charles the Fair* from protecting his *Sister*. The *Pope*, who was of my Religion, storm'd like a true Father Son of the *Church*, and so frighted the *King of France*, that in spight of their nearness of Blood, he hunted the *Queen of England* out of his Dominions. But at last the *King* being reconcil'd, the *Queen* returns, I was taken Prisoner, and by the Laws of the Kingdom, Sentenc'd to be Drawn on a Sledge, at Sound of Trumpet, through the Streets of *Hereford*. The Circumstances of my Death were infamous, my Head was expos'd at *London*, my Bowels, Heart, and some

other parts of my Body burn'd, my Carcass abandon'd to the Crows, in Four parts of the *Kingdom*; the justest Reward a Villain, who had almost destroy'd both *King and Country*, cou'd expect. This is, *Gentlemen Favourites and Ministers*, a Picture you ought all to have in your Closets, to keep you from resembling it. When in Favour, banish not Justice, Clemency and Generosity from the *Thrones of your Master*, and to avoid a just Hatred, and make Men of Virtue your Friends, study the publick Interest. Turn over old Histories, and you'll find there is scarce one, or few of us got peaceably to the Grave, but either Starv'd or Rotted, or immortaliz'd a *Gibbet*. Not one Eye ever wept for our sufferings; Pity it self rejoyc'd: Thus Detested on *Earth*, and Curs'd by *Heaven*, our last refuge is to become the *Prey of Devils*. Consider well, *Gentlemen*, and arm your selves against all those vicious Passions, which will certainly undo you, if you listen to them as I did. Therefore in the slippery Paths of a *Court*, take Prudence and Justice for your Supporters.

THE

THE ANSWER OF THE *Chief Minister of the King of* Ivetos, TO HUGH SPENCER.

THE Picture you have drawn of your Life and Death, shews you were notoriously Wicked, and rewarded according to your Deserts. But let me tell you, *Sir*, that 'tis a great mistake to believe a *Minister* cannot mannage or steer his *Prince* without abusing Him and the Publick. Because you were the Horror of your Age, is it an inevitable Destiny for other *Favourites* to be so too? I will not here make my one Panegyrick, but leave that care to *Posterity*: However, I will boldly maintain, that to suffer a *Master* to divide his Benevolence, when one can secure it all to ones self, is Folly and Stupidity. A Prudent Man knows

knows how to make a right Use of his *Master*'s Weakness; and if he finds him inclined now and then to gratifie eminent Services, he will not seem much averse to it, provided still he loses nothing by the bargain: But if his Prince is of a Covetous Temper, Charity, which always begins at home, then bids him shut up his *Exchequer*, and reserve to himself the sole Priviledge of opening it at leasure. 'Tis likewise no ill step in our Politicks to cry down those Actions which might otherwise by their weight out-value ours; upon such occasions to testifie the least Zeal, Fidelity, and Care, will be thought Meritorious. Tho' the *Escutchions* we leave our *Children* have some Blots in them, what signifies that, provided we leave them Rich and Noble Titles, which will procure them Honour, and all sorts of Pleasure in this World, and a *Saints Place* hereafter, in that unerring Volume of the *Roman Almanack*.

JULIA

JULIA,

TO THE

*Princess of CONTI.

* Natural Daughter to the French King.

AS you may wonder, *Madam*, that I who liv'd so many Ages ago, and at present am so many thousand Leagues from you, shou'd esteem and love you; might I wonder too, in my turn, if you should have a good Opinion of me, after so many *Historians* have Conspired to blacken my Reputation. But there are, *Dear Sister*, such Circumstances in our Fortunes, as ought to make us Love one another, and hold a friendly Correspondence; since you are like me, the *Daughter* of a Beautiful, Treacherous *Prince*, who drags good Fortune at his Heels; and of a Mother, who renounced the World, before it did her the injury of renouncing her. I was once the *Ornament* of the Court of *Augustus*, and you now Shine like a *Star*, in that of *Lewis* the 14th. I was Married very Young to *Marcellus*, the hopes of the

Ro-

Romans; and almost in your Infancy, you were given to the most aimable Man that ever was of the *Bourbons*: I lost the Son of *Octavia* some Months after our Marriage, and your Fore-head was bound with the Fatal Sable, before *Hymen's Garlands* were in the least wither'd; You are *Handsom*, I was not *Ugly*; you occasion *Jealousy*, and I suffer'd the sharpest Darts of *Destruction*: I had Lovers beyound Number; And who is able to reckon *Yours*? They have not perhaps been so favourably receiv'd; and I believe the Air, and want of Opportunity, not our Inclinations, to be the Cause; for you never yet despis'd those Pleasures I daily Enjoy'd and Sigh'd after; and tho', by the Death of *Agrippa*, I came under the Tiranny of *Tiberius*, I pursu'd my Inclinations to the last. *Widows*, of your Age, generally enter the *List* again: But, Princess, the Counsel I have to give you, is, to reserve to your self the Liberty of your Choice. There are so many *Tiberius's* where you are, that One may easily fall to your share; and after that, nothing but Banishment will be wanting to finish the Comparison. A very * malignant Planet at

* Madam *Maintenon.*

at preſent, Commands your Deſtiny; and 'tis in vain to expect Juſtice from that Jealous ill-natur'd Fury. Now I have given you Advice, which if I could return into the World, I wou'd follow my ſelf; permit me to juſtify my Actions. *Hiſtorians* tells you, I indeavour'd to Reign in every Heart, whatever it coſt me; without any regard to the Owner's Birth or Condition: But do you think that ſo very Criminal? Does a little Kindneſs deſerve ſo ſevere a Cenſure? Muſt Perſons of Quality be always obliged to have an Eye on their Dignity? And did not He that made the *Prince*, make the *Coachman*? But what I cannot with patience ſuffer, is, the impudent Lie ſome have made concerning *Ovid*: That Verſifier had a nicer Fancy in *Poetry* than *Beauty*; like your *Father*, my *dear Siſter*, he imagined wonderful Charms in Gray Hairs, for *Marcellus* was but newly Dead when he fell in Love with *Livia*. 'Twas her he celebrated under the feigned Name of *Corinna*, and when he pleas'd, diſciplin'd, ſhe like a Child not daring to reſiſt. Thus, People being ignorant of Cloſet Privacies, invent Malicious Lies; for do you ſup-

suppose I wou'd have suffer'd such insolent Usage, and that if I had not been strong enough to Cust that *Rhiming Puppy*, I wou'd not have found out some other way to have been even with him. You very well see my Reasons have some appearance of Truth; and I am confident, that when we meet, we shall agree very well. The *Emperour*, who had his Private *Amours*, never troubled those of his *Wife*; and *Merenas's Spouse*, Proud of possessing the Affections of so great a *Monarch*, return'd in soft Embraces, the Favours bestow'd on her *Husband*. I have insensibly, made you an Ingenious Confession; do you the same, *Madam*; for Hell is so damnable tiresome, that I gape and stretch a Thousand times an Hour; when your hand is in, pray send me word what they are doing in your part of the World; but above all, give me a true Account of your *Amours and Conquests*, for those Relations Tickle us, even when we have lost the power of Acting. Therefore, to invite you to be very plain with me, as likewise to divert my self, in my present Malancholy Moments, I will give you some of my Thoughts in Metre, such as it is.

A

1.

A Mighty Monarch you begot,
Who's Pious as the Devil,
Your Mother too by all is thought
To be Extreamly Civil.

2.

Descended from so bright a pair,
You both their Gifts inherit;
All your great Father's Virtue share,
And all your Mothers Merit.

3.

When I was Young and Gay, like you,
I lov'd my Recreation;
Mamma's dear Steps I did persue,
And bilk'd no Inclination.

4.

And, *Madam*, when your Charms are gone
Your Lovers will forsake you;
They'll cry, your sporting days are done;
And bid Old *Pluto* take you.

5.

Thus I have giv'n all Trading o'er,
And wisely leave off Sporting:
Resolv'd to practice it no more,
After my Reign of Courting.

As Reproaching and Talking freely is not here discourag'd; so had I done any lew'd Trick, your Confessor wou'd have acquaint-

acquainted you with it; for he keeps a strict Correspondence with the Chiefest Ministers of our *Monarch*. You have been Jealous where you ought not, and the *Saints of* St. *Germains* and *Versailles*, when they come to discover the Mistery of your Curiosity, will never forgive you. The many-mouthed Goddess was always easie to be Corrupted, and the Old Monster, *Envy*, prospers but too much; therefore take care of One, and prevent the other, that the Sins of others may not be imputed to you. What the World can say against your Virtue, shall never diminish my good Opinion of it; and if you do not believe the Character I give of my self, consult *Calprinede*, who has drawn me to the Life, and was as great a Master in that way, as *Apelles* in his. Farewel, fair *Princess*, and Remember that *Julia* Languishes with desire to see you.

* *The Voluminous Author of Cleopatra.*

THE

THE

Princes of CONTI's

ANSWER

TO

JULIA.

I Did not expect to be honour'd with a Letter from so Famous a Princess as *Julia*: This makes my Joy so much the greater. I do sincerely declare, that I take all you say to me so reasonable, that I can do no less than applaud it: And I further assure you, that I never search'd for your Character in those disobliging *Authors*, who magnify the least false Step, and makes an *Elephant* of a *Mouse*. I am satisfy'd to know you, as I find you in *Calprenede*; and the Complaisance he pretends you had for *Ovid*, does not hinder me from having a great Affection for your aimable Qualities, and believing, as advantagiously of your Modesty, as you can desire. I am not so severe,

as to imagine a little Indulgence can be a great Crime; but think those, who will for a little natural Civility, Ruine the Reputation of *Courteous Ladies*, to be malicious People only, envying those Gallantries which are address'd to others. But, *Madam*, you have strangely surprized me with what you tell me of *Livia*; for I always believed that when old, Ambition was her only blind-side; but am astonish'd to hear she was Amorous. This Discovery confirms the receiv'd Opinion, That Old Age has as wanton Inclination, as well as Youth, tho' not so much Ability; and since the *Wife of Cæsar*, lov'd the Language of the *Muses*, I am not astonish'd that our *Saints*, of *St. Cyr*, has been Charm'd with it. But, Dear *Madam*, is it certain that *Ovid* Disciplin'd her like a Child? I thought the *Roman Ladies* had not wanted that Exercise; and I believe, my Gallants will never be oblig'd to come to that Extremity with me. I need not use much Precaution against the Folly of a Second Marriage; for tho' I was Coupled to a very Charming Young Man, yet I soon found my Expectations bilk'd, because the Name of *Husband and Wife*, and thoughts of *Duty* so lessen'd the Plea-

sures

ſures of our ſofteſt Imbraces, that it made them Odious: So that now, I only love a Spouſe for a Night, from whom I may be divorc'd the next Morning; and this perhaps you'll find more plainly expreſſed in the following Lines, as I doubt not, *Dereſt Siſter*, but you have made the Experiment.

1.

Your tender Girls, when firſt their hands
Are joyn'd in *Hymen*'s Magic bands,
Fondly believe they ſhall maintain
A long uninterrupted reign:
But to their coſt too ſoon they prove
That Marriage is the bane of Love.
The Phantom *Duty* damps its fire,
And clips the wings of fierce deſire.

2.

But Lovers in a diff'rent ſtrain
Expreſs as well as eaſe their pain:
Ever Smiling, ever Fair,
To pleaſe us is their only care.
And as their flame finds no decay,
They only covet we ſhould pay
In the ſame Coin, and that, you know,
Is always in our pow'r to do.

And will always be so, Illustrious Princess, to our great Comfort and Satisfaction. You have heard, I suppose, what the Writing of a few Letters has cost me, so that I have wholly lay'd aside all Commerce of that nature at present, and am often oblig'd to stifle my Thoughts. Had I not fear'd *Mercury's* being search'd, I wou'd have open'd my Heart a little more to you; but if the times ever change, or Madam *Maintenon*, the Governess of *Versailles* becomes less inquisitive, you may certainly expect to receive an Epistle, or rather a Volume from me. I put no confidence in the *King my Father*, and he is so jealous of me, that shou'd he pack up his All for the other World, I wou'd not trust him. I pity you for being kept so close, and having so bad Company. That you may Yawn and Stretch less, and Laugh a little more, entertain your self with *la Fountain's Tales*, or the *School of Venus*, both excellent Books in their kind, which I'm confident will extreamly divert you; not so much upon the account of their Novelty, as by recalling to your Mind some past Actions of your Life. For my part, I highly esteem 'em both, and

and you'll oblige me in telling the Authors so.

DIONYSIUS *the Younger*,

TO THE

Fathers, of what Degree or Country soever.

THO' the Torments I now suffer for my former Tyrannies, are as great as they are just, yet you, cursed *Villains*, deserve much greater for being the *Promoters* of them. You, with your infernal Praises, blind the Eyes of *Princes*, and hurry them on headlong to their ruine: Therefore I charge you with all the ill Actions of my Reign. I was no sooner Seated on my *Throne*, but you so swell'd me with Pride, by applauding all my Perjuries, Oppressions and Cruelties, that I believ'd it lawful for our Race to be *Tyrants* from *Father* to *Son* with impunity. Every one knows my *Father* was equally Wicked and Covetous, neither sparing or fearing *Men* or *Gods*, and of

this *Jupiter* and *Æsculapius* are Examples. In a fit of Impiety till then unpract is'd by the most desperate *Villains*, he stripp'd the first of his Golden *Mantle*, excusing it with this Jest, *That 'twas too hot for the Summer, and too cold for the Winter.* To the Second he turn'd *Barber*, and cut off his *Golden Beard*, which with great devotion had been presented to him, alledging it was improper for the *Son*, since his *Father Apollo* went without one. When his Conduct had thus render'd him odious to the World, he thought it necessary to make himself secure, for which end, he order'd a large deep Ditch to be dug about his *Palace*; but that was no Fortification against Fear, which cou'd creep in at every Key-hole, and his distrust increas'd to that degree, that he suspected his nearest *Relations*. Not so much as a *Maintenon* came near him! At last his *Guards*, to oblige the World, cut his Throat, and sent his Soul as a Harbinger to the Devil, to provide room for his Body; and the People thinking me a much honester Man, without difficulty plac'd me in his *Throne*. But I soon took care to convince these credulous Sots, that a worse was come in his room; far

ex-

exceeding him in Cruelty, I endeavour'd to secure my *Throne* by Actions then unknown to the World. First, I caused my *Brothers* to be put to death, and when I had glutted my self with the Blood of these Victims, I made no scruple to violate the Laws, and trumple upon all the just Rights and Liberties of my People. By those and a Thousand other Barbarities, tiring the Patience of the *Syracusans*, They drove me into *Italy*, where the *Locrians* kindly receiv'd me; and I to requite them for their Civility, Ravish'd their Women, Murder'd numbers of their Citizens, and Pillag'd their Country. At last, by a new contriv'd Treachery, I re-enter'd *Syracuse*, with design to revenge my self by new Desolations; but *Dion* and *Timoleon*, much Honester Men than either my self, or you, prevented me, and put me a second time to Flight. 'Twas my Destiny, and I wonder Historians do not add the Epithet of *Coward* to my just name of *Tyrant*. I then retir'd to *Corinth*, where in a short time my Misery became so pressing, that I was forc'd to turn *Bumbrusher* in my own defence, a Condition which best suited with a Man that de-

lighted in *Tyranny and Blood*; and as I had been one of *Plato*'s Disciples, I taught a sort of *Philosophy* which I had learn'd, but never practis'd. Thus was my *Throne* turn'd into a *Desk*; and my *Sceptre* into a *Ferula*. Heavens! what a shameful Metamorphosis was this! but, Gentlemen Sycophants, with a murrain to you, I may thank you for it. You, like the *Cameleon*, can put on any Colour, can turn Vice into Virtue, and Virtue into Vice, to deceive your *Masters*; and under the specious pretence of Religion can commit the greatest Barbarities. But tho', under the shelter of that Reverend name, you think all your Iniquities undiscover'd; so you possess your *Princes* with the abominable Zeal of Persecution; yet Heaven sees and detests your *Hypocrisie*, and even Men at long run discover the *Cheat*. Oh! ye unworthy *Enemies* of Virtue, whose only aim it is to raise your own Fortunes upon the Ruins of others, How useful are ye to the *Devil*? You matter it not, provided you compass your desir'd ends, if we lay wast the *Universe*, and afterwards become the Hate and Scorn of all Mankind: As for Example, 'tis long of you that I have been a *Pedant* in *Greece*,

and

and that * *One* of my *Rank*, if he had not been taken to Rest, wou'd have been forc'd to cover his Follies under a stinking *Cowl* in the Lowsie Convent of *la Trape*. You will not fail, I know, to applaud all his Actions, and say, if he lost all, 'twas only for obliging his Subjects to take the true Road to *Heaven*, and give the Title of Resignation to meer Necessity and Compulsion. But is it a *Sacrafice* to Renounce, through Despair, the *Grandeur* we cannot maintain any longer? Is it not rather imitating the *Animal in the Fable*, that despises the *Grapes* which are out of his Reach? But I wast my Lungs in vain, and talk to the Deaf: However, if I have been Humbled, believe that you will not always be Exalted. 'Tis my comfort that you will one day be condemn'd to turn a Wheel like *Ixion*, to rowl Stones like *Sysiphus*, to be devour'd like *Promethens*, continually Thirsty like *Tantalus*, and to heighten your Evils, that you will never lose the Remembrance of those Villainies you committed.

* *He means the late* K. J.

THE

THE ANSWER OF THE NEWS-MONGERS, TO Young *DIONISIUS*.

THE *Flatterers* have done you too much Honour, Mr. *Pedant*, and shou'd they believe you, and turn Honest (of which I think there is no great danger) and perswade their *Masters* to be Just to their Oaths and Treaties, Wou'd not they Govern in Peace and Unity? And wou'd not that very thing cast the World into such a drowzy Tranquillity, that it wou'd be Melancholy living in it, and Starve Millions of all Degrees and Professions who now Lord it very handsomely? We, I'm sure, shou'd be first sensible of it, by having no variety of News to stuff our *London Gazette's*, *Mercuries*

Mercuries and *Slips* with; which wou'd make the *Booksellers* withdraw our Stipends, and by consequence, oblige us to leave off tippling the generous *Juice of the Grape*, and content our selves with *Gewer* or some more Flegmatick *Manufacture*. Therefore keep your Harangues for your School Boys, and do not maliciously take our daily Bread from us, and seek to ruine those complaisant Persons, that can condescend to sooth the Vanities and Inclinations of their Princes. But to dismiss this point, and return to your self, 'tis plain you have not a jot of Honour about you, since you pay no regard to your Father's reputation. We easily perceive you have been a *Pedagogue* by your tatling, which Indiscretion makes you unworthy the Title of Great *Plato's Disciple*. But has your *Pedantick Majesty* no better Rewards to bestow on Gentlemen of Courtly Breeding than *Wheels*, *Vultures*, *Millstones* and an *Eternal Thirst*? Truely 'tis very liberal, and *School-master* like in every respect; but you are desir'd to keep those mighty *Blessings* for your self, who deserve them much better than any one else, and if you were Cullied by those about you,

talk

talk no more on't, but keep your weakness to your self.

CHRISTINA QUEEN of *SWEDEN*, TO THE WOMEN.

THat I, who never testified much esteem for the *Fair Sex*, shou'd at this time address my self to them, will, without doubt, be thought strange, but if necessity breaks Laws, it ought also to cancel Aversion, and excuse me for seeking Protection amongst a *Sex* I have so often despis'd, being compell'd to it by a Thousand injuries done to my memory. Therefore I now ask Pardon of the *Ladies*; and am perswaded I do them no little Honour, (since there has seldom been a more extraordinary Woman than I was) in owning my self one of the Female kind. First, I may boast of all the

he advantages of a glorious Birth, being *Daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus*, who did not only fill the *North*, but all he Universe with Admiration; and of *Mary Elzivor of Brandenburgh*, the worhy Wife of such a Husband. If I was ot as handsome as *Helen*, and those oher *Beauties*, whom the *Poets* have from ge to Age recorded in the Book of ame, yet all the World own'd me a Woman of incomparable Parts. I was Queen at Five Years of Age, and even so arly took upon me that important Trust, hich but few Men are capable to disharge, and which fewer wou'd covet, they knew the Troubles that attend it: et I supported the weight of all Affairs ith such a Grace and Prudence, that y Crown did not seem too heavy for e. As soon as Reason had made me nsible of my Power, my only thoughts ere how to make my self worthy of it. o this end, I invited to my *Court* those thought the most capable of improving ; which was no sooner known by the *ggarly French*, but *Stockholme* swarm'd ith *Masters* of all Sciences. Among the st I had a *Pack of hungry Poets*; but he at took the most pains, was not the best

re.

rewarded, becauſe he did not reſemb
Boileau, who can in half an Hour mak
a *Saint* of a *Devil*. In my green Years
ſeem'd only addicted to Grandeur an
Virtue; for I Studied like a *Doctor*, A
gued like a *Philoſopher*, and gave Leſſo
of *Morality* to the moſt Learned; ſo th
every body imagin'd I ſhould Eclipſe th
moſt famous *Heroines*. But I had n
yet heard the Voice of a certain *Dev*
whoſe Language I no ſooner uuderſtoo
but it poiſon'd all my former good Diſp
ſitions; for whereas till then I had bee
charm'd with the Converſation of th
Dead, I began now to have paſſionate I
clinations for the *Living*. But not to un
deceive the World, which thought m
Conduct blameleſs, I was forc'd to put
curb to my deſires, or at leaſt to purſu
them with more Precaution. Wheth
the trouble to find my ſelf ſo inclin'd
or my Grandeur, which wou'd not allo
of thoſe Liberties I ſigh'd for, oblig'd m
to puniſh the *Flatterers* of my Paſſion,
know not, but I committed many Ba
barities. As my deſires were inſatiabl
ſo 'twas not in my power to confine them
and this gave my Subjects too many op
portunities to diſcover ſeveral Indecenci

in my management; and becauſe I wou'd not be tumbled headlong from my *Throne* by them, I very prudently deſcended, and put my Couſin *Charles Adolphus* in my Place. Then did I, under pretence of viſiting the Beauties of *France*, take large *Doſes* of thoſe Joys I durſt no longer taſte at *Stockholme*. I was Treated every where as a *Queen*, had *Palaces* at my Command, and I made *Fontain-bleau*, which was before a *Bawdy houſe*, a Slaughter-houſe alſo, before I left it.

1.

Fate juſtly reach'd the prattling Fool,
For telling Stories out of School.
Was't not enough I ſtoop'd ſo low,
On him m' Affection to beſtow;
To claſp him in my cir'cling Arms,
And feaſt him with Love's choiceſt (Charms,
But muſt the babbling Fool proclaim
His Queen's Infirmity and Shame?

2.

Of all the Sins on this ſide Hell,
The blackeſt ſure's to Kiſs and tell.
'Tis Silence beſt becomes delight,
And hides the revels of the Night.

If

If then my Spark has met his due
For bringing Sacred Mysteries to view;
E'en let him take it for his pains,
And Curse his want of Gratitude and
(Brains.

But I know not whether the Monarch of *France* had long Ears like his *Brother Midas*, or some little *Familiar* whisper'd it in his Ear; but what I thought could never be detected, was publickly discoursed at *Court*. Perceiving this, I resolv'd on a Voyage to *Rome*, and the rather, because I thought the *Romish Religion* most commodious for a Woman of Inclinations, and that it would illustrate my *History*, to abjure the Opinion of *Luther* at the Feet of the *Pope*; tho' I had as little believ'd and follow'd the Doctrine of the *Reform'd*, as I have since the Absurdities of the *Roman Church*. *Italy* seem'd to me a *Paradise*, and I thought my past Troubles fully recompens'd, when I found my self in that *famous City*, which has been the Mistress of the World, without Subjects to controul me, saucy chattering *French* Men to revile me, and amongst a mixture of *Strangers*, which made all my Actions pass unregarded.

'Twas

'Twas enough for me to be esteem'd a Saint, that I was turn'd Papist, in a place where Debauchery is tolerated; and you'll find me, perhaps, one day Canoziz'd by the *Roman Clergy*. 'Tis true, I was not so rigorous to them as others, for the *Pope*, *Cardinals*, *Legats*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, *Priests*, and *Monks* compos'd my *Court*, where Licentiousness Reign'd most agreeably. Not that I had renounc'd the Company of young *Virgins*; for I was intimate enough with some of them, to have it said, I was of the Humour of *Sapho*, and as I liv'd at *Rome*, so I thought my self oblig'd to practice their Manners. But the chief Reason of my Writing, is, to desire you, to protect me against those ignorant *Coxcombs*, who indeavour to put me among the number of the *foolish Virgins*, for I began and finish'd my Course, as I have told you, and will now leave you, to judge if there can be any probability in such a *scandalous Story*. My good Friend the *Pope*, to whom I had been wonderfully civil, solemnly swore, that whenever I left this World, I shou'd not languish in *Purgatory*, tho' he knew very well I shou'd go to another Place. But

as it was the promise of a *Tricking Jesuit*, so did I not much credit it, nor was much surpris'd to find my self turn'd into a *Sty* among a company of *Boars and old Lascivious Goats*, a sort of Animals I had formerly been well acquainted with at my *Palace in Rome*, and who came then grunting and leaping to imbrace me. I cannot in this place hear of the poor Gentleman whom I murder'd; I ask'd one of my He Companions concerning him, who knows no more of him than I do; therefore I verily believe he's among the Martyr's.

THE

THE ANSWER OF A *Young VESTAL*, TO THE QUEEN.

GOOD Heavens! *Madam*, how piously did your *Majesty* begin your Letter! and what pleasure did I take to see such hopeful Dispositions to Virtue! But what was that inchanting *Voice* that put you out of the good Road? Was it the *Devil*? If so, why did you not make use of *Holy Water*? For we, poor Creatures, oppose no other *Buckler* against the *Darts of Satan*, when he conjures up the frailty of the *Flesh* to disturb us. But I beg your pardon, you were then a *Lutheran*, and *Holy Water* has no efficacy but only for true *Catholicks*. My Confessor has so often Preach'd Charity to

me, that I cannot but bewail the Fate of the Poor Gentleman you Lov'd so dearly, and Treated so Barborously. Oh, my dear St. *Francis!* what sort of Love was that! And how unfortunate are those *precious souls* that have Parts of pleasing you! One may very well perceive, by that piece of Barbarity, you neither believ'd Purgatory, or fear'd Hell; and I wou'd not have been guilty of such an Action for all your excellent Qualities and Grandeur. I hear you talk'd of sometimes, and in such a manner, that it makes me as often sigh, pant, and pull down my *Vail*; and I feel a *terrible Fit* coming upon me by Reading your Confession.

Madam, I much rejoyce to hear
You'll take a Stone up in your Ear;
For I'm a frail Transgressor to,
And Love the Sport as well as you.
But then I choose to do the Work
Within the pale of Holy Kirk:
For Absolution cures the Scars
Contracted in Venereal Wars,
And saves our Sex a world of Prayers.
Had you this Ghostly Counsel taken,
You might till now have sav'd your Bacon.

'Tis

'Tis safe intrigueing with a Flamen,
Who Sanctifies their Work with Amen:
Then who wou'd trust ungodly Lay-
(men?

Do, *Madam*, as you please, but I
None but the Priest-hood will employ;
With them I'll live, with them I'll dye;
Who like the *Pelian* Spear, are sure,
With the same ease they wound, to cure.

But 'tis easie to judge your Conscience is as large as the Sleeve of a * *Cordelier*, since you began in the Spirit, and ended in the Flesh. Notwithstanding what I have merrily own'd in Rhime, more to entertain your Majesty, than express my true Sentiments, there are certain Hours, when I cou'd willingly follow your Example, and if you wou'd obtain from the *Holy Father* a Dispensation of my Vows, which now grow burthensom to me, *I wou'd break a Lance in your Quarrel:* This I'm sure of, that the World will think it less strange to see a *Nun* renounce her *Convent*, than a *Queen* her *Crown*.

*A French *Proverb for no Conscience*

FRANCIS RABLAIS,

TO THE

Physicians of PARIS.

'TIS in vain for your *Flatterers* to cry you up for able *Doctors*, for you will never arrive at my knowledge; and I'm asham'd every hour to hear such *Asses* are admitted into the *College*. Do not believe 'tis a senseless Vanity that induces me to say this, but the perfect knowledge I have of my own worth; and tho' I was design'd for a more lazy Profession, yet that does not in the least diminish my Merit. You know I was born at *Chinon*, and that my Parents, hoping I shou'd one day make a *precious Saint*, put me in my foolish Infancy into a Convent of *Cordeliers*: But that greasie Habit, in a little time, seem'd to me as heavy and uneasie as the *Armour of a Gyant*; so that by intercession made to *Pope Clement* the Seventh, I was permitted to change my *Gray Frock for a Black*, so I quitted the Equipage of St. *Francis*, for that

of

of St. *Benedict*, and that I was as weary of in a short time as of the other. As I had learn'd a great deal of Craft, and but little Religion, during my Noviciate in those good Schools, so I found a way to get loose from that Cloyster for ever, and took to the Study of *Hipocrates*. Besides, that I had a subtle and clear *Genius*, my *Comrades* discover'd in me an acute natural *Raillery*, which made me acceptable to the best Companions. *Cardinal Bellay*, who made me his *Physician*, took me to *Rome* with him in that Quality, where the Sanctity of the *Triple Crown*, the ador'd *Slipper*, and all-opening *Key*, could not hinder me from jesting in the presence of his *Holiness*. 'Twas *Paul* the Third, before call'd *Alexander Farnese*, who then fill'd the *Apostolick Chair*, and was more remarkable for his Lewdness than Piety. I had the good fortune to please him with the Inclination he found in me to Lewdness, and he gave me a *Bull* of Absolution for my *Apostacy*, free from all Fees and Duties; which, I think, was a gracious Reward for a *Foreign Atheistical Buffoon*. After I had compil'd a *Catalogue* of his Vices, to make use of as I should find an opportunity, the *Car-*

dinal my Patron return'd to *Paris*, and I with him, where he immediately gratified me with a *Canonship* of St. *Maur*, and the *Benefice* of *Meudon*. Having all I cou'd desire, I liv'd luxuriously; and the Love of *Satyr* pleasing me much more than the *Service of God*, after I had wrote several things, without success, for the Learned, I Compos'd the History of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* for the Ignorant; Things which some call a *Cock and a Bull*, and others, the Product of a lively Imagination. I know most Men understand them as little as they do *Arabick*; and as it is not to our present purpose, so do not I intend to explain that *Stuff* to them, but will now, since 'tis more *à Propos*, give you some Advice concerning the Malady of your *Blustering Monarch*. The Residence I made at the *Court of France*, in the Reign of *Francis the First*, makes me more bold in judging of the Nature of those Distempers. You conceal the Virulency of *Lewis the Fourteenth*'s Disease, because you dare not examine into the bottom of the Cause, and are more modest in proposing Remedies, than he has been in contracting the Distemper. Yet, every one talks according

ding to his Interest, and the *News-mongers* always keep a Blank to set down the manner of his *Death*. If he does not tremble, he must be thorow-pac'd in Iniquity, for he has several Reckonings to make up with *Heaven*, which are not so easily adjusted, and as he has often affronted the *Majesty of several Popes*, he will scarce obtain a *Passport* to go Scot-free into the other World. We are told here, by some of his good Friends, He begins to *putrify*, and has *Ulcers* a Yard in length, where *Vermin*, very Soldier-like, intrench themselves. There is no other Remedy for this, according to old *Æsculapius*, but to make him a new Man by a severe penitential *Pilgrimage* into some of the Provinces of *Mercury* and *Turpentine*. If he still fears the danger of *War*, let him go in a Disguise; and if, at this Age, he cannot be without a *She Companion*, let him take his old Friend *Maintenon* along with him; She is Poison-proof, and may, to save Charges, serve him in Three Capacities, *viz.* as a *Bed-fellow*, *Nurse*, and *Guide*; keep him also to a strict Diet, scrape his Bones, and purge him thorowly, and all may be sound again, but his *Conscience*. You can-

cannot imagine, how merrily we Gentlemen of the Faculty live at *Pluto*'s Court; I am Secretary to the same *Paul* the Third who pardon'd me *gratis* the violation of my Vows, my Irreverence for the Church, and my want of Respect for him; *Scaramouche* is his Gentleman Usher, *Arlequin* his Page, and *Scaron* his Poet Laureat. Don't suppose I was such a Blockhead as to Kiss his *Sweaty Toe*, when I visited him in the *Vatican*; he had nothing from me but such an Hypocritical Hug, as your *Monks* give each other at the ridiculous Ceremony of High Mass. This old *Goat* still keeps his amorous Inclinations, and I, who have so often made others blush, am often asham'd to hear his Ribaldry. He'd certainly make love to *Prosorpine*, but our *Sultan* wou'd not be pleas'd with his Courtship, and besides, his *Seraglio* is as well Guarded as the *Grand-Signior*'s; otherwise we might have a Litter of fine Puppies betwixt them. Little, *Hump-shoulder'd Luxemburgh*, late *Marescal of France*, is the Captain of her Guards, and so damnably Jealous, that he will not suffer any to come near her; at which *Pluto* is very well pleased, and does not mistrust him, think-

thinking it impossible for any body to be in Love with such a Lump of Deformity. But, to return to our Friend *Paul*, he scorns to Copy after the *Devil*, who turn'd *Hermit* when he was old, and I am now making another Collection of his Impieties and Amours, which will be ready to come out with a *Gazette Nostradamus* has been Composing since the Year 1600. That sly Conjurer is so earnest upon the matter, that he lifts not up his Head, tho' *Pluto*'s Black-guard Boys are continually burning Brimstone under his Nose. However, I do not know but this Mountain may bring forth a Mouse; for to speak freely, I put as little Faith in those *Prophets*, who like sots lose their Reason in the Abyss of Futurity, as the *honest Whigs of England* do in the Oaths and Treaties of your *swaggering Master*. As for you Brother Doctor, *Cut*, *Scarify*, *Blister* and *Glister* since 'tis your Profession; but take this along with you, that they who do the least Mischief, pass with me for the ablest Men. But I wou'd advise you not to suffer any longer those barbarous Names, of *Assassins*, *Poisoners*, *Close-stool-mongers*, *Factors of Death*, &c. the World gives you. I have had high words

words with *Moliere* on your Account, and I expect that fine Rhiming Fellow *Boileau* will give him a wipe over the Nose in one of his *Satyrs*. For tho' I have made bold to talk freely with you, yet I do not mean all the World should take the same Liberty.

THE

ANSWER *of Mr.* FAGON,

First Physician to Lewis *the* 14*th*,

TO

FRANCIS RABLAIS.

YOu're a very pretty Gentleman, Friend *Rablais*, to boast of your self so much, and value the rest of your Fraternity so little. Do not you know that I'm of the *Tribe of Juda*; and perhaps, related to some of the *Kings of Israel?* Had you heard me Preach in a *Synagogue*, you'd soon be convinced whether I am an illiterate Fellow, or no. Is it such an Honour to be of your

College

College? Or wou'd it be any advantage to be like you? You have been, by your own Confeſſion, a moſt horrid Rake-hell; and I would not for all the *Mammon of Unrighteouſneſs in my Kings Coffers*, tranſgreſs one Point of the Law. You ought not to be aſtoniſh'd at my Greatneſs, for I concern my ſelf with more than one Trade, and no Man ever was in ſuch Favour, and grew ſo Rich, by only applying warm Injections to the *Back-ſide*. If you enjoy'd *Prebend*, and other *Benefices*, you muſt, I know, have aſſiſted *Cardinal Bellay* in his *Amours*: For my part, I boaſt of having been a *Broker*, *Sollicitor*, and under the Roſe, Billet-doux-carrier and *Door-Keeper*, becauſe all imployments at Court are Honourable, eſpecially in that great concern, of *S——y*. Do not think you were the firſt that thought of the Remedy you ſpeak of; we have had ſeveral learned Conſultations about it, but know not which way to mention it, for Madam *Scarron*, who is very tender of her Reputation, and Reigns Sovereignly at *Court*, will ſay we accuſe her of bringing the *Neapolitan* Diſtemper to *Verſailles*, and have us ſent to the *Galleys*, or *Hang'd* for our

good

good Advice. I have often reflected on the Scandalous bantering Stuff of those they call *Wits*, have said, and do say of us; and wish, with all my heart, the first *Brimstone* they take for the *Itch*, and *Mercury* for the *Pox*, may Poyson 'em; but for us to stir in it, wou'd, bring 'em all about our Ears; and we know the consequence of that from a Neighbouring * Country, where they have mumbled a poor * *Physician*, and one that can *versify* also, almost as severely as a Troop of Hungry *Wolves* wou'd a fat *Ass*. However, we thank you for your Zeal; but at the same time advise you not to make a Quarrel for so small a Business; and I, in a more particular manner, Kiss your Hand, and desire you'll give my service to *Nostradamus*. I cannot beat it out of my head, but that he has put me into his * Centuries, and and that an ingenious Man might discover me there. I own 'tis looking for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, but you know I Sprung up like a *Mushroom*, and that He foretells nothing but *Prodigies*.

*D.B—re.

* England.

* Stauras of Nostradamus.

THE

THE *Dutchess of* FONTANGE, TO THE Cumean Sibyll.

I desir'd *Mercury* to call, *en passant*, at your Cave; and as he has Wings at his Feet, and Complaisance in Heart, so he will, I don't doubt, go a little out of his way to oblige me, by delivering you this Letter; I have from my infancy, had you in my mind, and heard my Nurse, when I lay squawling in shitten Clouts in my Cradle, tell frightful Stories of you. As soon as I began to prattle, my Maids taught me to call all Old wrinkled Women, wither'd *Sibylls*; and the Idea of the *Den*, you were confin'd in, fill'd me with Fear. But since I have been inform'd of the Truth of your *History*, That Fear is chang'd into Veneration, and I now look upon your *Cell* as a sacred Place. To assure you of my Respect, and the Confidence I repose in you, I will consult you about some future Events, and tell you one part of my Griefs. I am no-

bly

bly born, handsome, and young enough to inspire and receive the sottest Love. The *French King*, who had spoil'd the Shape, and wore out the Charms of several *Mistresses*, long before I appear'd at his *Court*, had a mind to do the same by me. Being naturally Proud and Wanton, and tempted by the fine Compliments of a great and vigorous *Prince*, and *Title of Dutchess* (*a Temptation none of us Women can resist*) I soon yielded to his Desires; which so mortify'd the haughty *Montespan*, that she with a *Ragoo alamode d'espagne*, dispatch'd me out of the World, before I cou'd get a sure Taste of Greatness, or the Pleasures of a *Royal-Bed*. Alas! What a mighty defference there is between you and me; your Years are innumerable, you are still mention'd in *History*, your Voice still remains, and you injoy the Divine Faculty of *Prediction*; But I was murder'd in my Bloom, when ripe and juicy as the luscious *Grape*, and that ungrateful, perjur'd Man, who rifled my *Virgin Treasure*, has not so much as thought or spoke of me since. He dotes on nothing but Old Age, and cou'd you appear in something more Solid than *Air*, I do not doubt but he'd

he'd make his Addresses to you; I believe his being born with Teeth, presag'd he would always be a *Tyrant* to his People, and in his later Days the *Cully* of such a tough piece of Carrion as Mrs. *Maintenon*. *Morbleu*! Have I barbarously been sacrific'd, and must a Miss of Threescore and Fifteen live unpunish'd, and be treated better than I was in the greatest height of that *Prince's* Passion, and warmth of my desires, when capable both of receiving and giving Joy? It really destracts me! And I conjure you, in the Name of *Apollo*, who never refus'd you any thing, to let me know by one of your Oracles I shall never return to *France* again. You came hither, I know, with the brave *Æneas* (but stay'd no longer than you lik'd the Place) and I have heard some People say, That *Knight-Errant* diverted himself extreamly upon the Road, and made a great deal of Hot Love to you; but I take that to be a meer Story, because *Virgil*, who wou'd not have let slip so Pleasant a Passage, has said nothing of it. However, could I return but for a short time, to dislodge *Maintenon*, and take a Frisk with my former Lover, if he be not too Old for that Business,

nesſ; or were I but your Shadow, provided I liv'd, I ſhou'd be pretty well pleas'd; for 'tis a Melancholy Thing, to think that the Fates ſhou'd Spin ſuch a long Thread for an Old Laſcivious * *Ape*, who never was to be compar'd with me; and that there ſhou'd remain no more of poor *Fontange* than an unfortunate Name, over which oblivion will in a little time Triumph. At the Writing of this, in came a *Courier* from *Verſailles*, who brings us word, that *Lewis the Great* has undertook ſuch a piece of Work, that the Weight and Conſequence makes him ſick of the World; That *Miſtreſs Maintenon* has wore out his Teeth; That Legions of *Vermin* devour him, and that we may ſuddenly expect him in theſe Dominions: Which if true, will be ſome ſatisfaction to me, and tho' he be Toothleſs, *Worm-eaten* and *Rotten*, I will grant him the ſame Liberty he often took with me on a *Couch* at the *Trianon*, to get him again under my *Empire*, that I may at Leiſure revenge my ſelf for his forgetfulneſs.

* *Maintenon.*

I.

Oh! Wou'd it not provoke a Maid,
By ſofteſt Vows and Oaths betray'd,

Her

Her Virgin Treasures to resign,
And give up Honour's dearest shrine?
Then, when her Charms have been enjoy'd,
To be next moment lay'd aside?

2.

But why do I lament in vain,
And of my destiny complain?
Had I been wise, as those before me,
I should have made the World adore me;
Not to one Lover's Arms, confin'd,
But search'd and try'd all Humankind.

But I believe, this Foolish Constancy, was only owing to my want of Experience; and if I had liv'd a little longer, I should have had the curiosity to try the variety of Humane performance, like the rest of my Neighbours. You have been, my dear *Amy Goddess*, in Love, and have been belov'd, therefore, I beseech you, give me some healing Advice, or Consolation, as my case requires.

THE CUMEAN SIBYLL'S ANSWER TO THE Dutchess of FONTANGE.

IS it possible that so charming a Beauty shou'd think of such an Old Decrepit Creature as I am! I was very desirous to talk with *Mercury* about you, but he flew away like a Bird. It extreemly troubles me, *Dear Child*, that I'm obliged, in answer to your Letter, to tell you there is no hopes of your returning to *Versailles*; for you must consider, that when I conducted *Æneas*, I was then living, and that 'tis impossible for any under a *Hercules* to fetch you from whence you are, and where shall we find one now? The bravest *Boufflers* in *France* is but a *Link-boy* in comparison to him. Your *Lover*, fair Lady, is so fast link'd to his Old * *Duegna's* Tail, that he thinks

* M. Maintenon.

thinks no more of you; and your Complaints are insignificant, * She that hurried you out of the World in the Flower of your Youth, with a favourable Dose of Poison, is now neglected, and grown so monstrous Fat and Lecherous, by living Lazily in a *Nunnery*, that she's not a fit Companion for any Creature that has but two Legs to support it. You know not what you do, when you envy my *Destiny*, for I am sometimes so teazed and tir'd with answering the *Virtuoso's and Beaux*, that it turns my very Brain. I own 'tis a sad thing to Die at Eighteen, in the height of ones Greatness and Pleasures, because Nature always thinks she pays her Tribute to Death before-hand. I wou'd willingly divert you a little, but know not which way, unless this little *History* I send you, which a *Traveller* gave me not long since, and which has Novelty to recommend it self, will do it: Do not believe, *good Lady*, the Scandalous *Story* some ignorant *Rhiming Puppy* has made of *Æneas* and me, he was not so brisk as that comes to; and I can assure you, never put the Question to me. Ask *Dido*, she can tell you more of him than I can; and as modest as *Virgil* de-

* *M. Monte-span.*

ſcribes her, yet ſhe was forc'd to take this *Trojan Prince* by the Throat, to make him perform the Duty of a Gallant; by this you may judge of his Conſtitution: Beſides, had he been never ſo amorouſly inclin'd, yet not knowing my Inclinations, he might think his Courtſhip wou'd diſpleaſe me, and ſo diſoblige *Apollo*, for whoſe aſſiſtance he then had occaſion. Therefore laugh at all thoſe idle Ralleries of impertinent People, and turn your Eyes and Thoughts on the following Dialogue.

The

The Mitred HOG:

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Abbot Furetiere *and* Scarron.

Furetiere. OH! have I found you at last, old Friend? Tho' I was certain you were here, and desired earnestly to see you; yet being Gouty, and tir'd with walking, I began to have no more thoughts of searching after you. How many troublesome Journies I have made, and Leagues I have Travell'd, and all to kiss your Hands; tho' I am a *Virtuoso*, I cannot tell: For in truth, I am quite out of my Element; and confounded, ever since I have lost sight of Sun and Moon.

Scarron. Who are you, and please ye? What's your Name? For the Dead, having neither Beard nor Bonnet, nor any thing else to distinguish them by, I know not exactly, what, nor who you

are; but by your Language and Mien, suppose you some Mungril of the *French Acadamy*.

Furetiere. Well guess'd; I am call'd *Monsieur L'Able Furetiere*, *alias *Porc de bon Dieu*, who has long, but in vain, been gaping and scraping at *Versailles* for a *Mitre*, that I may wallow in Peace and Plenty like a Hog: But, alass, what a left-handed Planet was I born under? a Debauch with Stummed Wine, setting an old Pox, which lay dormant in my Bones, into a Ferment, soon carri'd me off, almost in the height of my Desires, and when I bid fairest for the *Bisheprick*.

*Is a Proverb in French, for a fat large Monk or Abbot. Cochon is French for a Hog.

Scarron. I am sorry for your Misfortune; but am at the same time, heartily glad to see you, *Monsieur L'Able*. You will not, perhaps, meet with all these Conveniences here, you enjoy'd at *Paris*; but in Recompence, you will meet with much honester dealing. For my part, I must own my self infinitely happier; for now, I am neither troubled with *Lawyers*, *Physicians*, *Apothecaries*, *Collectors of Taxes*, *Priests* nor *Wife*, the Plague and Torment of Men's Days, when on Earth. But how have you had

had your Health ſince you have been in the Country.

Furetiere. Thanks to our Maſter *Pluto*, I have not yet felt any Cold. I was ſo very Tender and Chill, for Six Months in the Year, at *Paris*, that tho' I was loaded with Ermins, and always had a Dram of the *Beſt Nantes* in my Pocket, I cou'd ſcarce keep my Blood from Freezing in my Veins.

Scarron. That's an Affliction you will not meet with here, take my word for't; for 'tis ſomething hotter, than under the *Torred Zone*, and the niceſt *Wits* of your *Academy*, need not fear ſpoiling their Brains, by catching Cold here. It is not long ſince I met with the illuſtreous *Balzac*, who does not complain now of the Cold in his Head, as he did when he liv'd on the pleaſant Banks of of the *Charante*. But, what News have you?

Furetiere. I don't doubt, by your Inquiſitiveneſs, but you are very deſirous, to hear ſome News of your *Wife*.

Scarron. May Pox and Itch devour the naſty Jade! I know but too much of her by *Mareſchal d'Albret* formerly; and lately, by my Likeneſs, *Monſiur Luxemburgh*;

ambourgh; yes, I know she's a *Dutchess*, that she's one of the Privy Council; and she serves *Lewis* the XIV, in the same Capacity as *Livia* did *Augustus*. But why did not the *Prostitute* make her poor deform'd Husband a *Duke*? I shou'd not have been the first *Duke*, and *Peer of France*, that had been a *Cuckold*.

Furetiere. By your Discourse, Mr. *Scarron*, one wou'd think you had lost your Senses and Memory: But you cannot surely have forgot how, instead of Laurel, she adorn'd your Learned Brow with Horns, before she was taken notice of, at Court? Indeed, how cou'd a Pretty, Witty, Buxome Young Woman forbear making such an infirm, deform'd *Æsop* as you, a *Cuckold*?

Scarron. I shou'd not have much valu'd that, because, I had Brethren enough to herd with, if the Dam'd *Whore* had but got my Pension Augumented; but the confounded *Jade*, instead of that, gave me the cursed'st Garison to maintain, that ever poor Husband was mortify'd with: To appease which, I was force'd to have recourse to *Unguentum contra Pediculos inguinales*, &c. But prithee let's discourse of something else, for the

thoughts

thoughts of the Dutchess of *Maintenon*, will disturb my Brain, and easily put me into a Feaver; which is dangerous in this warm Climate.

Furetiere. I'll tell you but Three or Four words more of this famous Dutchess, and conclude. First, that she has kick'd her *Patroness*, Madam *Montespan*, out of the Royal Bed: And Secondly, that she is very great with the Pious *Jesuite*, Father *la Chaise*, the *Monarch's Confessor.*

Scarron. Oh! oh! By my Troth, I don't wonder at the Lascivious Harlot, for closing with him! As there is no Feast like the *Miser's*, so there is no Galantry like those *Monks.* When those *Hypocrites* undertake that Business, they do it all like Heroes. But you have said all, by saying he is a *Jesuit*; Since those Gallants have been in Reputation, they have engrossed all good Whoring to their Society, especially in *France*, and more particularly at *Paris*, where they have so well behav'd themselves, that they have chang'd an Ancient Authentick Proverb, *Jacobin en* (a) *Chaire, Cordelier en* (b) *Chœur, Carme en* (c) *Cusine, & Augustine en* (d) *Bordel*, for now they say, *Jesuit en Bordel*,

(a) Pulpit.
(b) The Quire.
(c) Kitchin
(d) Bawdy-house.

Bordel, &c. But so much for those Gentlemen. Pray what are you doing now in the *French Academy?*

Furetiere. There are as many Follies committed there as in any Society in the Universe; judge of the whole by this one Example. That Company was never so highly honour'd as it is at present, by the particular Care their great *Monarch* takes of it; for which he is repaid in Flattering *Panegyricks*. Nevertheless, these insipid, florid Gentlemen, Scold and Scratch like so many *Fish-women* in an *Ale-house*. The other day, the great *Charpentier* fell into such a Passion about a Trifle, that he reproach'd the Learned *Taleman* of being the Son of a broken Apothecary at *Rochell*, to which *Talemen* with as much heat reply'd, *Charpentier* was the Son of a poor hedg Ale-draper at *Paris*. From this *Billinsgate* Language they came to Blows. *Charpentier* threw *Nicot*'s Dictionary at his Adversaries Head, and *Taleman* threw *Morery*'s at *Charpentier*'s. We all wish'd heartily we cou'd have recall'd you from the Dead, to write the various accidents of this Battel, in your Comical and Satyric Style.

Scar-

Scarron. Ha, ha, ha, had I been there they shou'd have beat the *Academy* Dictionary and *Morery*'s too in pieces about each others Ears before I wou'd have parted 'em. But I hope those two sputtering Coxcombs did each other Justice, I declare, whoever hinder'd it, deserv'd to be severely fin'd. Pray how did you behave yourself during this Combat?

Furetiere. I happen'd not to be there; for you must know, there has been such a difference between those Gentlemen and me, concerning a Dictionary I publish'd, that it came at last to a contentious Lawsuit, but what was said on either side, only made the World Laugh at both, and is not half so diverting as the Epigram you made upon an old Lady that went to Law with you: I think I still remember it ——

Thou nauseous everlasting Sow,
With Phyz of Bear, and Shape of Cow,
With Eyes that in their Sockets twinkle,
And Forehead plow'd with many a wrin-
(kle,
With Nose that runs like Common shore,
And Breath that Murders at Twelvescore:
What! thou'rt resolv'd to give me War,
And trounce me at the Noisie Bar,

Tho'

Tho' it reduces thee to eat
Thy Smock for want of cleanlier Meat:
Agreed Old Beldam! keep thy word,
'Twill soon reduce thee to eat T——.

Scarron. May that be the Fate of *Taleman*, *Charpentier*, and the rest of those Reformers of the Alphabet, and, in a more especial manner, of that Thieving, Flattering Rogue * *Despreaux*, who has made a *faithless Poltron*, a *Mars*; and a superanuated, Lascivious *Adulteress*, a *Saint*. So much for that——But give me some little account now of your *Clergy*, I mean the Great Plump Rogues, the *Hogs* with *Miters* on their Heads, and *Crosiers* on their Shoulders, those *Janizaries* of *Antichrist*.

* *More commonly call'd with us Boileau.*

Furetiere. I know your meaning:—Never was Nick-name given with more Justice to any Society of Men. In *Normandy*, and those parts, they call all the *minor Clergy*, as the Fat *Monks*, *Canons*, *Abbots*, *&c.* who are not Miter'd, *Jesus Christ's Porkers*; which distinction is not very fantastical, if we allow the other Expression. But, no more of those Gentlemen, 'tis dangerous.

Scarron. Prithee, dear *Abbot*, be not so mealy mouth'd; when I was in the World, the greatest pleasure I had, was in attacking those Gentlemen's Vices, and exposing them to the *Hereticks*, that *Stilborn* Generation of Vipers, as they call'd 'em: therefore let us be free now; 'tis the only enjoyment we can have. Pray what says your Monthly Mercury of those Gentlemen, to whom the Earth is more oblig'd for Bodies, than Heaven for Souls?

Furetiere. Never fuller of who made such a Man a *Cuckold*, and who *Pax'd* such a Woman, as now, neither, were ever the Women half so Impudent; no, not in the Reigns of *Caligula* and *Nero*. Never was Debauchery so much in Fashion; nor never were the *Whores* so often cover'd with *Purple*.

Scarron. Is there not in your *Herd*, such a Thing, as a tame, gentle *Weather*? or what *Virgil* calls *Dux Gregis*? You understand me?

Furetiere. *A Weather!* Oh, fy, fy! Not such a Creature among 'em, I can assure you. The most *Christian King*, wou'd not suffer such an imperfect, scandalous Animal, so much, as to shew his Head

in

in his *Seraglio*: 'Tis as easy to find there, a pretty Woman Chast, or Hair in the palm of your Hand; as an emasculated Beast amongst the *Miter'd Hogs*: For the *Dux Gregis*, *Virgil* speaks of, we have One at the Head of our Prelates, who has all the Qualities requisite for so great an honour, tho' he has neither Beard nor Horns: And shou'd I name him, you'd be of my Opinion.

Scarron. Won'd I recollect my Memory, and their Virtues, I cou'd guess within two or three, but pray, save me that labour.

Furetiere. Do you not remember a Famous Song you made, in praise, of a Sleek, wanton *Goat*. *Cequi fait & deffend L'Archeveque de Rouen.*

Scarron. O, Dear! O, Dear! The Right Revernd *Francis Harlay, Archbishop of Paris!* My most Renowned Friend! A Worthy Chief!

Furetiere. The very same, and 'tis a precious Jewel, both for Body and Soul. A *Hedgehog* has not more bristles than this *Prelate* has Mistresses, and there's not a *Stallion* in *France* that Leaps oftener.

Scarron. You rejoyce my Heart, *Monsieur Furetiere.* He was, I remember, always at *Paris*, when *Archbishop of Rouen.* No Man fitter for that Employment. To be free, if *Paris* be the Hell of Hackney Horses, 'tis the *Paradise* of Whore-Masters, and Hackney Whores. I can guess at what he does now, by what he did formerly. Several Ladies also, of our Neighbouring Countries, are Witnesses of his Prowess, but more especially, some of the fair *English* Ladies, the Luscious Morsels of a *Lustful Monarch.* But on, to the Rest.

Furetiere. I am willing to satisfy your Curiosity, Mr. *Scarron*; but to run thro' the whole *Herd*, wou'd be too tedious at present, tho' they all deserve to be Chronicled: So I will only, *en passant*, give you the History of those you have heard Preach, both at *Paris*, and the *Court*, with wonderful Applause; and who, for their Modesty and Regular Lives, had the Reputation of *Saints*, whilst they were only Fathers of *Oratory.*

Scarron. Take your own Method, *Monsieur L'Abbe*, but let me tell you one thing, by the by: This Place is

call'd the *Wits Corner*, but by some late Guests, because of the Smoak and Liquor, the *Wits Coffee-house*. Now you know the *Wits* of all Countries Laugh at the *Clergy* in their Plays and Poems; and that the *Clergy* to be revenged of them, and keep up their own Reputation with the Ignorant, call them *Atheists*; therefore you may freely give a true description of them. All here are their Enemies, and a *Priest* wou'd as soon venture his Carcass in *Sweden*, as in this Place; He dreads a *Poet*, as much as a Dog does a *Sow-gelder*.

Furetiere. Still a merry Man, Mr. *Scarron*: But to return to our *Miter'd Hogs*; do you remember *Father le Bone*, and *Father Mascavon*. The first is now Bishop of *Perigueux*, and the other, Bishop of *Agen*.

Scarron. How! are those two famous *Preachers*, those *Scourgers* of Pride and Immorality, got into the *Herd* of the *Miter'd Hogs*? By my troth, I always took them for credulous, humble *Weathers*, Believers of what they Preach'd; tho' I know most *Priests* seldom believe what they profess.

Fure-

Furetiere. Well, Mr. *Scarron*, tho' you can see as far through a Mill-stone as any Man, yet I find you are not Infallible.

Scarron. Faith, a Man may see as far through a Mill-stone, as a Priest's Surplice; tho' 'tis reckon'd the Emblem of Purity. But, *Monsieur l' Abbe*, what *Montaigne* said formerly of the Women, I now say of the Priests: *Ils envogen leur Conscience, au Bordel, & tiennent leur Contenance en regle.* They send their Conscience to the Stews, and keep their Countenance within Rule.

Furetiere. 'Tis even as true of one, as of the other, Mr. *Scarron*; and my following discourse will verifie it. What Virtue there is in a *Miter*, I know not, for I cou'd never obtain one; I was thought too good a Christian in the bottom; but before I bad adieu to *Paris*, your innocent believing *Apostles* were become two as rampant and fine Coated *Hogs* as any of the *Herd*. The Reverend Father *le Bone*, *Bishop of Berignaux*, has so bravely play'd the County *Boar*, that there's not a pretty *Nun* in his *Diocess* but has been with Pig by him, as I have been credibly informd by Persons of Honour.

Scarron. Oh, the excellent Apostle! I remember a Story of him when he was Bishop of *Agde*, which will not be unpleasant to you, if you can bear with a Pun, and a *Poet's* making merry with several Languages, a thing he can no more avoid than Flattery. This worthy *Prelate* not meeting with that Plenty at *Agde*, his voluptuousness requir'd, made his Monarch this Compliment: Sir, *je suis ne gueux, j'ay vecu gueux, bnais s'il plait a votre Majeste, je vonx* PERI GUEUX.

Furetiere. Faith a very comfortable Reward, for a very filthy Pun; I have said Fourty pleasanter Things to the King, and never cou'd get beyond Monsieur *l'Abbe*, which makes me believe there is a critical Minute for Wit as well as Love: An excellent *Roman Poet* was sensible of it, when he said,

Hora Libellorum decima est, Eupheme, (meorum,
Temporat Ambrosias cum tua cura Dapes,
Et bonus athereo laxatur Nectare Cesar.

There's a *Latin* Quotation for you, to shew you I understand it; and that I have been an Author as well as you.

Scar-

Scarron. Believe me, *Monsieur l' Abbe*, you'll fare much the better for it here; and tho' those Gentlemen made us poor Poets pass for Scoundrels and Impious Ridiculers of Piety in the other World, yet we have much the whip-hand of them in these Quarters; therefore take comfort. Tell me, pray, how the pious *Julius Mascaron* behaves himself at *Agen*, where he meets with greater Plenty than he did at *Thute*.

Furetiere. Oh! The *Acorns* and *Chesnuts* of *Agen* have made him so plump and wanton, 'twould rejoyce your heart to see him. All the Females of the Town Caress him, and strive which shall yield him most Delight; and he out of Zeal and Gratitude, and to preserve Peace and Charity amongst them, like a Holy Prelate, has given to each her hour of Rendezvous, which they keep as regularly as the Clock strikes.

Scarron. Very well! There's nothing so commendable as a good Method in Whoring.

Furetiere. But his Favourite is a pretty gentle *Nun*, with whom he often goes to *Beauregard*; there *tete a tete*, or rather *ne aa ne*, under the shady Limes, do they

both act that which will one day procure a Third. There are Fourty other better Stories of these Two Prelates, for they value not what common Report says, they are above it. But if you will listen to the Exploits of the *Bishop of Lacu*, now *Cardinal d' Estree*, I will shew you what a *Miter'd Hog* is capable of.

Scarron. As I am acquainted with the strength of his Genius, so do I not doubt of the Greatness of his Performances. You have now nam'd a Man that wou'd make a *Parish Bull* jealous!

Furetiere. The History I shall give you, will justifie your opinion of him. Know then that the *Cardinal d' Estree*, being passionately in Love with the *Marchioness d'Cœuvres*, who was suppos'd to have granted to the *Duke de Seaux*, the liberty of Rifling her Placket, was resolv'd to put in for his Snack. To compass this, he acquainted his *Nephew*, *the Marquis de Cœuvres*, with the Scandalous Familiarity that was between the *Duke* and his Wife. Upon which their Parents met at *Mareschal d' Estree's*, where it was concluded to send the young Adultereſs into a Convent, but the old *Mareschal*, made wiser by long Experience, was against it. In

good

good Faith, said he, You are more nice than wise; had not our Mothers play'd the same wanton trick, not one of us had been here. I know very well what I say, there's not a handsome Nose nor Leg in the Company, but has been stole, and not a farthing matter from whom, whither Prince or Coachman, it has mended our Breed; therefore we have more reason to praise those, who discreetly follow the Examples of their Grand-mothers and Mothers, than banish 'em, and so render them fruitless. Do not suppose, when I Marri'd my Grandson *de Cœuvres*, to young *Mademoiselle de Lionne*, that I consider'd her Riches, or that her Father was a Minister of State, such Thoughts are beneath a Man of my Age and Experience. My great hopes were, that she being Young and Handsome, wou'd still support the Grandeur of our Family, which, as you all very well know, has been made more considerable by the Intrigues of the Women, than by the Valour of the Men. I'm sure I never discourag'd what I now maintain; and why my Grandson shou'd be more squeemish than I, or his Forefathers have been, I take it to be unreasonable: Therefore,

ſince the *Marchioneſs de Cœuvres* is only blam'd for having taſted thoſe Pleaſures which Nature allows, and which are cuſtomary in our Family, I declare my ſelf her Protector. Yet I wou'd not have this be the talk of the Court; I wou'd not have it paſs my Threſhold; becauſe the World might ſay of one of us, as of a fine curious piece of Clock-work, that a great many excellent Workmen had a hand in.

Scarron. In this generous and conſiderate Speech, do I plainly diſcover the inclinations of the famous *Gabriele d'Etree*, *Harry the Fourth*'s Miſtreſs: But I am in trouble for the poor *Marchioneſs*, I know a *Convent* muſt be inſupportable to a Woman that has taſted the Pleaſures of a *Licentious Court.*

Furetiere. The *Cardinal* was againſt publiſhing his *Neece*'s Wantonneſs, as well as the *Mareſchal*, and took upon him the care of reprimanding her, and bringing her into the path of Virtue; to which the *Marquis de Cœuvres* readily conſented, not imagining he deliver'd the pretty *Lamb* to the ravenous *Wolf.* This being agreed on, the Luſtful *Prelate* went immediately to his *Neece*, I come, *Madam*, ſaid

ſaid he, from doing you a very coſiderable piece of Service: All our Family has been in Conſultation againſt you, and could think of no milder puniſhment for you, than a *Convent*, with all its Mortifications, *viz. Praying, Faſting, Whipping*, and *abſtaining from the Maſculine kind*, &c. I know, *dear Neece*, this was as unjuſt as ſevere: But, in ſhort, it had been your doom, had I not been your Friend. Such a piece of Service as this, beautiful *Neece*, deſerves a ſuitable return; and I believe you too generous to be ungrateful: but I ſhall think this, and all the other Services I can render you, highly recompens'd, if you'll but permit me to ſee you often and embrace you.

Scarron. A very pious Speech! I hope that which is to follow will anſwer this excellent beginning. Now do I imagine a Place formally beſieg'd: The next news will be of opening the Trenches.

Furetiere. We proceed very regularly, Mr. *Scarron*: The Place makes a noble Defence; and does not ſurrender till a Breach is made. To be thus unjuſtly accus'd, ſaid the *Marchioneſs*, is a very great Misfortune; and tho' I will not diſown my obligation to you, yet you muſt permit

mit me to say, that your Proceeding destroys that very Obligation: If you will not have any Regard to my Virtue, and the Fidelity I owe my Husband, you ought, nevertheless, to remember your *Character*, and how nearly we are Related. But I know the meaning of this, you believe the scandalous and malicious Story that has been rais'd of me, and design to make your advantage of it. What can be more injurious than this attempt! Though you thought me a *Whore*, had you but thought me still Virtuous enough to abhor your Beastly, Incestuous Proposition, I should yet have had some Reason to esteem you ———

Scarron. Poor *Prelate!* I gad I pity thee! thou hast received such a Bruise in this Repulse, that I cannot think thou'lt have the Courage to return to the Attack?

Furetiere. Have Patience: You are not acquainted with the Craft and Courage of a *Miter'd Hog*. The *Prelate*, who by this Resistance, was become more Amorous, resolv'd to watch so narrowly his *Neece's* Conduct, that he would oblige her to do That, out of Fear, which all his Rhetorick and Protestations of

Love

Love cou'd not Tempt her to. To be short, he manag'd so well this important Affair, that he surpriz'd the *Duke de Seaux* in Bed, between *Madam de Lionne*, and the *Marchioness de Couvres* her Daughter. And to magnify Charity, as well as other Virtues in this matter, he took *Monsieur de Lionne* along with him. I will leave you to imagine the Confusion of those two Ladies, the first, to see her Husband, and the other, the Man she had so vigorously Repuls'd. The *Marchioness* thinking wisely, her Compliance wou'd yet conceal her Intrigue, taking the *Cardinal* by the Hand, and gently squeezing it, said, If you will promise me to appease my Father, and by your Ghostly Authority, make my Mother and him good Friends again, and keep this Frollick from my Husband, you shall, when ever you please, find me grateful and sensible of your Affection.

Scarron. What said Mr. *de Lionne*? The surprise of a poor *Cuckold*, who finds a handsom, brawny young Fellow in Bed with his Wife and Daughter, surpasses my Imagination!

Furetiere.

Furetiere. If, like *Actaon*, he had been immediately Metemorphised into a *Stag*, he could not have been more surpris'd.

Scarron. How did the *Prelate* behave himself, after this Charitable brave Exploit? The Breach is now made; There has been a Parley; The Preliminaries are agreed on; Nothing now is wanting, but taking Possession of the Place.

Furetiere. You move very Soldier like, Mr. *Scarron.* The *Prelate* being resolv'd to perform all the Articles of Treaty, like a Man of Honour; First, Preach'd on Charity, and then Forgiveness of Crimes, then on Humane Prudence, Policy, the Reputation of their Family, and quoted some of the old *Mareschal's* Remarks, which, altogether, so prevail'd on the poor *Cuckold*, that he consented to put his *Horns* in his Pocket, and forgive his Daughter: Then did the *Prelate*, under the Pious Pretence of Correcting his faulty *Neece*, lead her with a seeming austere Gravity into his Chamber, where he summon'd her to the performance of Articles on her part, which, on a Couch, were reciprocally exchanged; she not daring to refuse it, for fear he shou'd

ac-

acquaint her Husband with her Intrigue with the *Duke de Seaux*.

Scarron. Oh, brave *Hog*! Worthy *Prelate*! Pious *Cardinal*! What a fine way of Mortification is this! Well, for Sincerity, Humility, Charity, Sobriety, *&c.* Commend me to a *Prelate*!

Furetiere. The *Cardinal*, tho' he had obtain'd his desires, yet cou'd not but be sensible that Fear, not Love, made her consent; therefore, doubting she wou'd return to her first Amours, or that he shou'd have but little share of her, so contriv'd it, that her Husband sent her to a House he had in the *Cardinal's Diocess*, and not far from his Palace. This had a very good Effect; because the *Cardinal*, for the Love of her, resided always at his Diocess. Thus did the *Cardinal* and his *Neece* live very lovingly for two or three Years; but the Intrigues of the *Court*, calling the *Prelate* out of the Kingdom, Ambition stept into the place of Love, and put an end to an Incestuous Commerce, to which the *Marchioness* had first consented, purely in her own Defence.

Scarron. I find there are *Hogs* with Cardinal Caps as well as Mitres. But

I believe, they are not so numerous: That Dignity, perhaps, is a kind of curb to their Licentiousness.

Furetiere. You mistake the matter, Mr. *Scarron*, Inclination never changes; the only Reason is, there are more *Bishops* than *Cardinals*; and most of them reside at *Rome*, at glorious *Rome*, which is but one intire *Stews*, *Sodom* was not, what *Rome* is now. Have you forgot the famous *Cardinal Bonzi*? He is as Absolute in *Montpellier*, as the *Grand Seignior* in his *Seraglio*, he needs but becken to the Dame he has a mind to enjoy. The brave *Cardinal de Bouillon*, notwithstanding his Court Intrigues, is as well known in all the *Bawdy-houses of Paris*, as a young debauch'd *Musqueteer*, or *Garde du Corps*. The *Cardinal de Furstenberg* too, was as wicked as his Purse wou'd allow him, before I left the Town.

Scarron. I verily believe it, *Monsieur l'Abbe*. But pray give me leave to reckon your Dignities upon my Fingers, that I may not forget them. First, there is your *Porkers* of Jesus Christ, then your *Miter'd Hogs*, and lastly your *Purple Hogs*. 'Tis wonderous pretty! Pray how must we distinguish the *Pope*, who is Chief of this

this *Herd?* Must we call him the *Swine-herd?* Some of them, 'tis true, were *Swine-herds* before they took the Order of *Priesthood*, as *Sixtus quintus*, who was *Swine-herd* to the Village of *Montaste*. But there is another thing that puzzles me worse than all this; You know *Lewis the Fourteenth* calls himself the Eldest Son of St. *Peter*. *Lewis the Great* then, for all his Ambition, is the Son of a *Swine-herd?* Well, I know not how to settle this point; therefore pray continue your History.

Furetiere. I'll make an end of my History, if you are not already glutted with the Infamy of the forementionʼd *Prelates*; with that of the *Archbishop of Rheims*.

Scarron. How, *Monsieur l'Abbe*, how! Is he a Hog too? I have heard him callʼd, by some of our new Guests, a *Horse*.

Furetiere. You are in the right of that: The *Mareschal de la Feuillade* was his Godfather, and one Day Honourʼd him with the Title of *Coach-Horse*.

Scarron. A *Horse*, is a degree of Honour above a Hog —— Has *la Feuillade* the Priviledge of distributing Titles at the *Court of France?* Has he more Wit than in *Cardinal Mazarin*'s Days, who always greeted him in these words, *Monsieur de la Feuillade*

Feuillade, *All your Brains wou'd lie in a Nut-Shell?*

Furetiere. 'Tis true, there is no more Substance in his Brains, than in whipt Cream; and as that fills up the Dessert, and serves to cool and refresh the Stomach after a plentiful Dinner; so does he serve to unbend and divert the Mind, after solid Conversation and Business. To prove this, I will tell you how he made the King Laugh very heartily, concerning the *Archbishop of Rheims*.

Scarron. As a Wise Politick Lady, when she has not the Fool her Husband to divert her, will have her Munkey; so must the Great Statesman have his Buffoon. He is the same to the *Politician*, as a Glister is to the Man that's costive. But, go on with your Story.

Furetiere. He being one Day with the *King*, looking out at a Window of *Versailles*, that faces the great Road to *Paris*, and observing the Passengers, the *King*, at last, discover'd a Coach with more, as he thought, than Six Horses; and turning to *la Feuillade*, praising the Equipage, ask'd him if it was not the *Archbishop* of *Rheim's* Livery: Yes, Sir, said *la Feuillade*. I can discover but seven Horses, reply'd

ply'd the *King*: Oh! Sir, said *la Feuillade*, the *Eighth is in the Coach*. But I pretend to degrade this *Archbishop*, and prove, that he's but a *Miter'd Hog*, as well as the rest of his Brethren.

Scarron. Ah! Dear *Monsieur L'Abbe*, for the Love of *Monsieur le Tellier*, who has render'd his *King and Country* such great Service, take not from him the Honour *La Feuillade* confer'd on him, and with the *King's* Approbation.

Furetiere. Plead not so earnestly for him; but hear me with patience. I do not say, but the *Archbishop of Rheims* is a *Brute*, a very *Animal*, a *Coach Horse*, *per omnes e'asus*; but yet he pursues the Affairs of Love, with as much Zeal, and as little Conscience, as any *Prelate* in *Europe*; therefore must not be distinguish'd from his Brethren. Besides, if you take from him his lawful Title of *Miter'd Hog*, you will hinder his preferment.

Scarron. Oh! By no means. I have Read that *Caligula* honour'd one of his *Horses* with the Title of *Senator*; why then may not the *Pope*, who is the Successor of that *Emperor*, call into his *Senate* your *Coach Horse*?

Furetiere. With all my Heart. Nevertheless, I'll call him, if you please, *Miter'd Hog*, as I did the *Bishop of Laon* before he was *Cardinal d'Etree.* Now to matter of Fact: The *Dutchess d'Aumont* having surpris'd one of her Chamber-Maids, in a very indecent Posture, with the *Marquis de Villequier* her Son-in-Law, turn'd her out of her Service. The poor Wench, distracted to find her self seperated from her Lover, told him, out of pure Revenge, that the *Archbishop of Rheims* lay with the *Dutchess*, every time the *Duke* went to *Versailles.* How! My Uncle! Ah! I cannot believe it; thou say'st this out of Malice.

Scarron. Oh, fy! Oh, fy! The *Archbishop* of *Rheims* Debauch the *Dutchess of Aumont*, his Brother-in-Law's Wife! Do not you plainly perceive this Jades Malice? If the *Dutchess* had but suffer'd her Intrigue with the *Marquis*, she wou'd not have open'd her Mouth? Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible!

Furetiere. As much as you seem to wonder now, and abhor the Thoughts of such doings; you were not formerly so very Nice, nor Incredulous.

Scar-

Scarron. Be not Angry, good, *Monsieur l'Abbe*; I do believe as bad of a *Priest*, as you can desire to have me; therefore, pray continue.

Furetiere. By what follows, you'll find that this Spirit of Revenge discover'd a most luscious Intrigue. Since you will not believe what I say, reply'd the Wench to her Gallant, I will, the next time the *Duke* goes to *Versailles*, make your Eyes convince you. The Dutchess you must know, had imprudently given her leave to stay Three or Four Days in her House; as it happen'd the *Duke* went that Afternoon to Court; who was no sooner gone, and the *Marquis* plac'd in a Dark Room leading to the *Dutchess*'s Bed-chamber, but by comes the *Archbishop*, Muffled up with a Cloak and a Dark Lanthorn in Hand: This convinc'd the Young *Marquis*; and was enough to convince a more incredulous Man than your Worship.

Scarron. It was perhaps some *Phantome*, or some amorous *Devil*, who to do himself Honour, had taken the *Archbishop*'s goodly Form, and sanctified Meen.

Furetiere. Still excusing the *Priests*! you were not such an Advocate of theirs in

the other World: Witness your Answer to your *Parish Priest*, some few hours before you pack'd up for this place.

Scarron. I have since drank a swinging draught of *Lethe*'s forgetful Stream; I remember nothing of it: You wou'd, perhaps, scandalize me.

Furetiere. It was thus, *Sir*, The grave *Hypocrite* administring the last Idolatrous Ceremonies, ask'd, if you knew what you receiv'd; to which you made this short answer: *The Body of your God carri'd by an Ass.*

Scarron. 'Tis true, 'tis true, *Monsieur l' Abbé*; Pray who can endure to be disturb'd by an impertinent *Coxcomb*, when he's going to take a long Voyage? But go on; I'll not speak one word more in their behalf.

Furetiere. The *Marquis* convinc'd by what he had seen, went the next Morning to *Versailles*, and told all the young Nobility of his acquaintance what had pass'd; which by being buzz'd about, in Four and twenty hours became the talk of all the Court.

Scarron. Oh, brave *Archbishop of Rheims!* was no body worthy being made a Cuckold by you but your brother-in-Law?

Fure-

Furetiere. Again mistaken, Mr. *Scarron*; for the charitable *Archbishop* has assisted his *Nephew* too, as well as his brother-in-Law; and intends to go round the Family.

Scarron. The *Devil*! This is the most insatiable *Hog* I ever heard of! He devours both the *Hen* and her *Chickins*. Pray, excuse me, *Monsieur l' Abbe*; I cannot but think you wrong him now.

Furetiere. You may judge of that by the following Relation. The *Archbishop* being passionately in Love with Madam *d' Aumont* his *Neece*, and the *Marquis de Crequi*'s Wife, was resolv'd, the better to insinuate himself with her, to make her jealous of her Husband, which he found no difficult matter to do. This done, he went to visit her, and finding her Melancholly, said, *Madam*, I know no reason you have to be so much concern'd at your Husband's Infidelity, since it lies in your power to be Reveng'd? If he has a Mistress, why don't you get a Callant? I know no Injustice in it; and it is the only recompensing Counsel I can give you.

Scarron. Ah! *Marchioness* have at ye! I find the *Hog* grows rampant —— Go on, good Sir: This is like a brave *Metropolitan!*

Furetiere. The young *Marchioness* did not listen to this Proposition; but on the contrary, was surpris'd to find her *Uncle*, an *Archbishop* make a motion, which had she been inclin'd to follow, he ought to have given her more virtuous Advice. Perceiving her Aversion to his Proposition, he suspected she might suppose he only said it to try her Inclinations, therefore he was resolv'd to declare his mind in more intelligible Terms, which he did in so Amorous a Style, that the *Marchioness* plainly perceiv'd the *Archbishop* intended to have a share in the Revenge. But the young Lady, tho' she wou'd not have made any scruple of it, had it not been for his Character, was infinitely concern'd at it.

Scarron. Notwithstanding all this, do I see the *Purple* Victorious, and the poor *Victim* prostrate.

Furetiere. As the *Archbishop* made her frequent Presents, and she expected great Advantages at his Death, so she did not think it prudence to mortify him too much;

much; this fill'd him with hopes, and made him more Amorous: Therefore, to blind the Husband, and have a better Oppertunity of Lying with his Wife, he propos'd taking them into his Palace, and defraying all their Charges.

Scarron. Money is the Sinue of Love as well as War. The Poor *Marquis*, I don't doubt, was blinded with this fine Proposal. More Men are made *Cuckolds* by their own Follies, than by their Wives.

Furetiere. So it prov'd by our *Cuckold*, who was so transported at the beauteous Offer of the *Archbishop*, supposing it an *Unkle's* Kindness, not a *Lover's*, that he, every were boasted of it: That is to say, he thought himself oblig'd to his *Unkle*, for Lying with his *Wife* at that price. The *Marescbal de Crequi* his Father, had quite another Opinion of that matter; and was affronted at the excessive Liberalities of the *Archbishop*, knowing that the most Devout and Zealous of their Tribe were *Adulterers*, *Incestuous* and *Sodomites*. He complain'd of it to the Marquis *Louvois*, who told him, Coveteousness was the Reason of his Complaint. The *Marescbal* not satisfy'd with

this anſwer, went to the *King*, who immediately Commanded the *Archbiſhop* to retire into his *Dioceſs*. *The diſconſolate Archbiſhop*, whilst all was preparing for his Journey, went to Viſit his *Neece*, and with Tears, deſir'd her ever to Remember, that 'twas for the Love of her he was Baniſh'd.

Scarron. Cou'd the Afflictions of the *Living* affect me, I ſhou'd be mightily concern'd for the Grief of this poor *Prelate*, who was oblig'd to leave ſo dear, ſo pretty a *Neece*, a *Neece* that afforded him ſo much Pleaſure and Delight. Have you not left behind you, other *Miter'd Hogs*, whoſe Lives and Converſations are worthy your Remembrance? Thoſe you have already been ſo kind to relate, have been a Banquet to me; and I heartilty wiſh I may always meet with ſuch Entertainment.

Furetiere. Your Servant Mr. *Scarron*! I am extreamly pleas'd they have Diverted you; and that you may promiſe your ſelf ſuch another Entertainment, nay, Twenty ſuch, be aſſur'd, that there is not a *Biſhop*, *Archbiſhop*, or *Cardinal*, that is not as very a *Hog*, as either the *Archbiſhop of Rheims*, or *Cardinal d'Etree*, except

cept the Bishop of *Escar*, who lives in a barron Soil, and can scarce afford himself a belly full of Chesnuts above once in Fifteen Days. Poverty is a kind of Leprosie; not a fair sleek Female will come near him. The Reason why I entertain you with the Histories of these two *Prelates*, rather than of the *Archbishop of Paris*, the *Bishop of Meaux*, the *Bishop of Beauvais*, the *Bishop of Valence*, and all the other *Bishops*, is, because having heard the famous Actions of those worthy *Metropolitans*, faithfully related some few days before my Departure, those Ideas are the most Present and Lively. But in time, and with a little rubbing up my Memory, I may be able to give you the Lives of all the *Miter'd Hogs*. Besides, as we have now settled Three *Couriers* weekly, from this Place to *Versailles*, because of the Importance of Affairs now on Foot, I expect now and then a Packet; so I don't doubt of keeping my word, and often diverting you with Stories of the like nature, and of fresher Date.

Scarron. 'Tis very obliging, *Monsieur l'Abbe*: But your last Paragraph has put an odd Whim into my Noddle.

This

This Place, as I told you before, is now call'd the *Wits Coffee-House*; none but *Authors* are sent hither. What think you, if we shou'd joyn our Heads together, and digest all your *Stories* and *Intelligence* into Form; if we shou'd compile a Book of them, we cou'd make it very diverting, having able Men both for Verse and Prose, whose very Names wou'd give it the Reputation of a faithful History; because the Dead, neither hoping nor fearing any thing from the Living, cannot be suspected of Flattery and Partiality, as they justly were when in the World.

Furetiere. I protest, a noble Thought! The Lives of the *Roman Prelates*, will make a most Curious History! We have a Famous History of the *Roman Emperors*; and why shou'd we not then have another of the *Roman Prelates*, since they as justly deserve to be transmitted to Posterity?

BEAU

BEAU NORTON
TO HIS
Brothers at HYPOLLITO'S
IN
COVENT GARDEN.

By Captain *AYLOFF.*

Dearly Beloved Brothers of the Orange-Butter-Box.

YOU will soon be satisfied what mighty Changes we suffer by *Death*, and that there is no two things at more distance from one another, than to *Be*, and not to *Be*. You know how *Roman*-like, I took pett, and dar'd to die; for *Time* had bejaded me a little, aud to renounce the Tyranny of the *Fickle Goddess*, I was oblig'd to renounce your *Light*. Since my arrival at the *Grim Tartarian Territories*, I have received the usual Com-

Compliments of the *Place*, and tho' the most accurate *Courtiers* that ever were bred at *Versailles*, and all the *Wits* of the most Gallant Courts in the Universe, are here in whole Shoals, yet to my great wonder and amazement, not one of them said a gentile thing to me: But with a strange familiar air, that savour'd much of our Bear-garden Friendship, some a Hundred or two hall'd me by the Ears, and puffing out thick clouds of flaming Sulphur, cry'd all with a hoarse and dismal Voice, Well, *Dayly*, this was kindly done of *thee*, to take the *Pas avance* of Destiny; and shew the World, that no Man need be Miserable, but who is afraid to dye: I was (amongst Friends) as much out of Countenance at this sawcy proceeding, as when our old Friends, *Shore* and *La Ruche*, refus'd to lend me Five paultry Guinea's, after I had equip'd them with more than one Thousand a piece. I wondred at the roughness of their *acoueil*, and they burst out a Laughing at the impertinency of my astonishment. Well, Gentlemen, give me leave to tell you, that if I had but suspected a quarter part of this inhumane and ungentleman-like *Reception*, I wou'd have

su-

suspended the Honours of my *Self-sacrifice*, and have chosen rather to wait the fatal period of Life in a more contracted *Orbe*, than thus suddenly have plung'd my self into so stinking a *Disappointment*. After having allotted me my *Portion* for my *Vanity* and *Foppery*, and I had been put into Possession of my Shop, you cannot concieve how heavy it lay upon my Spirits; but sufferit I must; and if it had not been the odiousest and most abominable, most naucious, and most execrable Function I cou'd have labour'd under, they wou'd not have been so merciful as to have enjoyn'd it me. 'Twas long before I cou'd obtain leave to insinuate thus much to you; for they are no ways here below inclin'd to grant any the minutest thing imgainable, that may contribute to the *benefit* of Mankind. *Jo. Haines* came to me, (and his breath had as much augmented its stench, as Light is different from Darkness; in a word, there was as great a disproportion for the worse, as between us and you) and with a display'd pair of Chaps, told me, I must not have any *correspondency* with the *Upper Regions*, for it might tend to the dispeopling the Acherontic Territories; and that I was a *Bubble*,

ble, to think they had not as much of Self-interest there below, as any Merchant, Statesman, Lawyer, or Nobleman in all the Dominions above. But seeing my, and your old acquaintance (Gentlemen) I took heart a little and held my Nose; and after some usual Ceremonies (to which he made but a scurvy return) I told him, look you Mr. *Haines*, you know, as well as I, that those Powder'd Members of the vain *Fraternity* are all of them incorrigable; present *smart* and future *fear* affects them not; they are out of the reach of good Advice, Reason was never their Tallent; for if they were ever in *election* to have a thought, as it wou'd be the first, so wou'd it be the fatallest too: Cou'd any Glass but shew them to themselves, as really they are, they wou'd all despair like me, and dye like me. A sly young whelp of the Second *Class* of *Pluto*'s Footmen, said, well, Mr. *Haines*, there may be much in what he says, he came last from thence, therefore let him make an end of his Epistle, it may turn to better Account than we are aware of. I thank'd the Gentleman for his Civility, and wou'd have Administred a Half-

Crown,

Crown, but you know (my worthy Brothers) that the last Twelve Shillings I had, was laid out in Three Glasses of *Ratafiat* and a Bottle of *Essence*; with which, I first Com'd out my *Wigg*, then clean'd my *Shoes*, and then Oyl'd the *Lock* of my *Pistols*, and so set out for this tedious and lugubrous *Journey*: And that you may see, that *Pluto*'s Skip-kennels are not so insolent as yours are, the fellow told me, with a malicious Smile, That if the Powder'd *Gentry* of th' other World were so very despicable Animals, as I represented them, he wou'd take a small *Toure* with me, and then I might have something material to Communicate to them. We had not walk'd so far, as from the *Chocolat-House* to the *Rose*, but in a narrow, obscure, obscene *Ally*, there hung out a piece of a Broken Chamber-Pot, upon which was Written, in Sulphurious Characters, *Fleshly Relief for the Sons of* Adam. I had hardly made an end of Reading this Merry Motto, but the Door opened, and what shou'd my Eyes behold, but a Reverend Lady of Illustrious Charms, that gave us too visible Proofs of the depredations of Time: I recollected her

her *Phiz*, as Ingineers tell by the very Ruins, whether the *Fabric*, were *Doric* or *Ionic*, &c. and who shou'd this be, but the celebrated Fair *Rosomond*; her present Occupation was to be Runner to this Bawdy Coffee-House. Queen *Elenor*, her mortal Enemy, sels Sprats, and has her Stall in *Pluto's* Stable Yard. In my Perigrination, I met several things unexpected, and therefore surprising; I shall not give you the trouble of every particular dark *Passage* we went through, but in general Terms, relate the most memorable things that occur'd, during a very considerable walk that we had together. Taking a solitary Walk on the Gloomy Banks of *Acheron*, I met a finical fellow Powder'd from Top to Toe, his Hands in his Pocket, *a la Mode de Paris*, humming a new Minuet; and who shou'd it be, but *Gondamour*, that Famous *Spaniard*. *Hellen* of *Greece*, Cry'd Kitching-Stuff; and *Roxana*, had a little Basket of Tripe and Trotters; *Agamemnon* Sold Bak'd Ox Cheek, hot, hot; *Hanibal* sells *Spanish* Nuts, Come Crack it away: The so famous *Hector* of *Troy*, is a Head-dresser; the *Decii* keeps a Coblers Stall in the Corner of the Forum; and the

Horatii

Horatii a Chandlers Shop; *Sardanapalus* Cries Lilly-White-Vinegar, and *Heliogabulus* Bakes Fritters in the *Via Appia* of this *Metropolis*; *Lucius Emilus Paulus* is a Bayliff's follower, and the famous Queen *Tomyris*, Proportions out the Offalls for *Cerberus*; *Turquin* Sweeps his Den, and *Romulus* is a Turnſpit in *Pluto*'s Kitching; *Artaxerxes* is an under Scullion, and *Pompy* the Magnifficent, a Rag-Man. *Mark Anthony*, that diſputed his *Miſtreſs* at the price of the whole Univerſe, goes now about with dancing Dogs, a Monkey and a Rope; *Cleopatra*, that cou'd ſwallow a Province at one Draught, when it was to drink her *Lovers* Health, ſubmits now to the humble Employment of feeding *Proſerpina*'s Piggs. That *Luxurious Roman*, who was once ſo diſſolv'd in Eaſe, as that a very Roſe-Leaf doubled under him prevented his reſt, is now Labouring at the *Anvil* with a half hundred Hammer. *Oliver Cromwell* is a Rat Catcher, and my Lord *Bellew* a Chimny Sweeper: There was, beſides theſe, a Liſt of People nearer hand; but you may eaſily gueſs upon what ſcore they are left out of the Liſt. We needed not have gone ſo far back in the

Records of Persons and Things, to have met instances of Barbarity, Luxury, Avarice, Lust of Dominion, as well as of Sensuallity; Malversations of Government in Soveraigns and Subjects; Publick Justice avoided; Private Fewds fomented; every thing Sacrificed to a *Colbert*, *Maintenon*, or a *Louvoi*. There is some Body Hallows most damnably on th' other side of *Stix*, and least, I lose this opportunity, I shall only relate some Memorable things to you: Therefore, pray pardon me, that I cannot dilate upon every particular. In short then, *Alexander* the Great, is *Bully* to a *Guinea-Dropper*; and *Cardinal Mazarine* keeps a *Nine-Holes*. *Mary* of *Medicis* Foots Stockings; and *Katharine* Queen of *Sweedland*, cries *Two Bunches a Penny Card Matches*, *Two Bunches a Penny*. *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, carrys A *Rary Show*; and Mahomet *Musles*. *Seneca* keeps a *Fencing School*; and *Julius Cæsar*, a *Twopenny*, *Ordinary*. *Xenophon*, That Great Philosopher, cries *Cucumbers to pickle*, and *Cato* is the perfectest *Sir Courtly* of the whole Plutonian Kingdom. *Richelieu* cries *Topping Bunno*; and the late Pope, *Any thing to Day*. *Lewis* the Thirteenth-

teenth is a *Corn Cutter*; *Gustavus Adolphus* cries *Sparagrass*; with a Thousand more particulars of this Nature. You must allow the Scenes to be mightily alter'd from their former Stations; but, alass! Sir, this *Change* we suffer, and as Pleasure is the reward of Virtue, so Disgrace and Infamy, is of *Cruelty*, *Pride* and *Hypocrisy*. What can be more surprising, than to see the Renowned *Penthesilea*, Queen of the *Amazons*, crying *New Almanacks*! and *Darius* *Ginger-bread*! Van Tromp cries *Ballads*; and Admiral *de Ruyter*, *Long and Strong Thred Laces*. This disproportion is their Punishment; for it must be Anxious to the last degree, to fall so low, even beyond a possibility of rising again. That is the Advantage of moving in an Humbler Sphere; they are not capable of those Enormities that the great ones can hardly avoid; for Temptation will generally have the better of Mankind. I rest, Yours, in hast.

FROM

Sir *Bartholomew* —

TO THE

Worſhipful Serjeant *S*—

By the ſame.

THE Friendſhip that was between us formerly, equally obliges me to give you a Relation of my Travels, and aſſures me of its Welcom. Since my Perigrination from your Factious Regions, I have paſſed over various and Stupendous Lakes; the Roads are ſomewhat Dark indeed, but the continu'd Exhalations of thoſe amazing Streams, make the Travellers able to paſs, without running foul upon one another. But 'tis equally remarkable, conſidering the length and darkneſs of the Paſſage, that no Perſon was ever Caſt away on this River *Stix*, as I am credibly inform'd by the *Ferry-Man*, who has ply'd

ply'd here, time out of mind. The Fogs are pretty rife in this *Country*, and full as insufferable as ever they were among you: I unfortunatly forgot my *Lozeng-Box*, and have much impar'd my *Lungs*; but they assure me, that these Defluxions or Rheums never kill. 'Tis prodigious, I protest, *Brother*, to see how soon we Learn the *Language* or rather *Jargon* of the Place! How fast they come in from all Parts of the Habitable World! and yet there is but one *Boat* neither, and that no bigger than above *Bridge Wherry*. At my coming ashore, I was very familiarly Entertain'd; and directed to an Appartment in *Cocytus*: But there was not one corner in all my passage, but I met some or other of the *wrangling fraternity of Westminster*. I immediately suggested to my self, that there might be (peradventure) a *Call of Serjeants* by His Majesty *Pluto*, who is Soveraign of these Gloomy Regions, and who, besides his general Residence here, has a most magnificent Pallace about Twenty Miles off, at *Erebus*, on the side of the River *Phlegiton*. He is One of a somewhat stern *Aspect*, not easie of *Access*;

haughty in his *Deportment*, and barbarous to the last degree in his *Nature*. There is no sort of People he sets so much by, as those of our *Profession*, tho' I have not heard of any *Lawyer* that had the honour to be in his *Cellar* as yet. Our old Friend and Fellow-Toper Judge *D.*—— has very good business here, upon my word, and is likely to be prefer'd as Vacancies happen; for 'tis always *Term Time* in this Kingdom throughout; and besides, when he had his *Quietus* sent him by the Hands of Sir *Thin-Chops Mors*, you and I remember very well, that he had not the best Reputation for a Man of Parts. In the Crowd of our pains-taking Brethren in the *Litigious School*, I remark'd an innumerable quantity that I was not quite an utter stranger to their Faces: More particularly, Mr. *Fil*——. Who you know did not want for Sense, Wit, Law and good Manners; and yet had so profound a Genious, that he cou'd dispatch more Business, and more Wine in one Night's time, than *Bob Weedon* wou'd have wish'd for a Patrimony: He very humainly accosted me, and after a Million of mutual Civilities, he

forc'd

forc'd me to accept of my Mornings draught with him. At Night, you know I never refuse my Bottle; but for Morning *Tippling*, it was always my Aversion, my Abomination, my Hatred, my *Nole me Tanger*: Besides, the dismal prospect of the Place, gave me many shrode suspitions that those *Taverns* were not furnish'd with the best Accomodations either for Man's Meat, or Horse Meat; not that I had the Vanity to take my Coach with me neither, but 'tis to use an old Proverb that as yet I have not blotted out of my Memory. I had hardly disengag'd my self from his Civilities, but Mr. *Nicholas H rd*— mighty gravely admonish'd me of his former familiarity, and with an Air, that was no ways Contumelious, desir'd to know how *F.*— Preach'd, and *Burg* —— Pray'd; whether the Grave Doctor *W.*—— continued his Pious Endeavours, to Convert the Marry'd Men of his Parish from the crying and hainous Sin of *Ebriety*, and yet at the same instant, almost, to contrive Plausible *Ways* and *Means* of perverting the Modest and Chast Propensities of their respective Wives, and while they wou'd

not quietly let their Husbands be (by accident of good Company, or good Wine) Beasts, for but a few Transitory Nocturnal Hours, cou'd yet strive to make them so beyond a possibility of Redress, for among Friends (*Brother*) What Collateral Security can an Honest, Prudent, Wary, Wise, Good, Upright, Understanding, Cautious, Indulgent, Loving *Husband* take, when that same godly Man in Black, twirls his primitive Band-strings, and with the other Hand, has your dear Spouse, your help-Mate, the Wife of your Bosom, the partner of your Bed, by the Conscience, and somewhat else that begins with the same Letter? 'Twas not want of leasure (for alass and alack) we have supernumerary Hours here, but pretended *Curiosity* (the last thing that dies with us but *Hypocrisy*) made me cut short the harangue that this precise Attorney seem'd by his demureness to expect from me: So, in short, I told him, that his Fellow Companions at Six-a-Clock Prayers had not forgot him; and by what I cou'd understand from those that were last with me, the Pew-keeper lamented his loss extreamly, nay,

was

was inconsolable: For now he was forc'd to use a Pailful of Water extraordinary once a Week more in the *Church* than formerly; because he had gotten to such a perfection in Hypocrisy, that what his knees did not rub clean, his Eyes always wash'd clean: But for his Fathers comfort, since he was got clear of his Super-Tartarian concerns, *Money* was fallen, and his dearest Darling Sin of all, *Extortion*, was not a little under the Hatches: But that he might no be quite cast down, there was some seeds of it left still, that wou'd always keep old *Charon* well employ'd. I had hardly blest my self for having got rid of him, but a merry Fellow (not to say impertinent and sawcy to one of my Capacity, Volubility and Eloquence, Character, Conduct and Reputation) pull'd me by the *Coif*, but as in strange Places 'tis prudence to pass by small affronts and indignities, because want of Acquaintance is worse than want of Knowledge; and the *Law*, you know Brother, is not so expensive, as it is captious in the Maine, not but that our *Industry* does help it mightily to be the one, if we find it

to

to be the other. Now who ſhou'd this *Caitif* be, but *Harry* C———*ff* the *Attorney*; and all his mighty Buſineſs was to know how his *Landreſs* did, and if the Maid had got the better of her in the Legacy he gave her for her laſt Conſolations. Before I cou'd recollect the Secret Hiſtory of his Amours, I was very courteouſly addreſs'd by Mr. Common Serjeant C——*p*, who likewiſe, in a florid Stile, requeſted me to inform him, if any of his Modern Bawds, that ſo punctually attended him, had ſuffer'd any prejudice by his abſence: He was mightily in doubt of their Succeſs, becauſe Experience had taught him, that *Paupers* in matters of Law proceed but heavily; however, he cou'd but wiſh them well, becauſe that tho' they were bad *Cliants*, he had always found them good Procurators.—— My Lady *Tiſiphone* made a ſumptuous Entertainment, and the Counteſs of *Clotho* Danc'd ſmartly; the King of *Spain* reſented mightily that ſo many *Engliſh* were there, and had almoſt bred a quarrel; but Don *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal* made up the matter, by declining the *Spaniſh* Faction, and ſaid, it

was

was highly unjuſt that the *Engliſh* ſhou'd be *maltreated* in their Univerſal Intereſt, becauſe He was a Fool, and the Cardinal that made his Will, a Knave, and the King of *France* a Tyrant. But the *Cataſtrophy* of this fit of the Spleen of the Supercilious *Spaniard* was Comical enough, for in the Croud that was come together upon the notice of this Heart-burning, who ſhou'd ſtumble upon one anorher, but *Godfry Woodr.* —— the Attorney, who you may remember (Brother) was committed, for ſaying to a certain Lord Cha —— That he was his firſt maker, tho' the truth of the matter was, their intimacy at Play made him preſume to beg the ſmall favour of his Lordſhip, to paſs an unjuſt Decree in favour of his Cliant. Well, Sir, ſaid the Attorney to his Lordſhip, now you are without your Mace, I muſt tell you, that had you not invited me to Supper the ſame Day you ſent me to the Fleet, I ſhou'd have taken the freedom to have let you known, that in this Kings Dominions we are all *Equals*: I left 'em hard at All Fours for a Quart of *Acheron*, where they bite their Nails like

mad,

mad, and divert others with their passion and concern: ——— But the Postillion is mounting, and I must defer the rest of my Adventures to the next Oppertunity.

FINIS.
